

The Outlook

Vol. 65

June 23, 1900

No. 8

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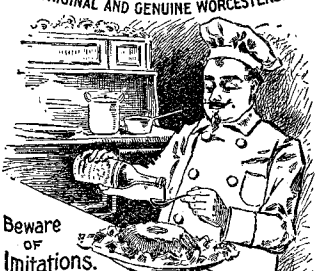
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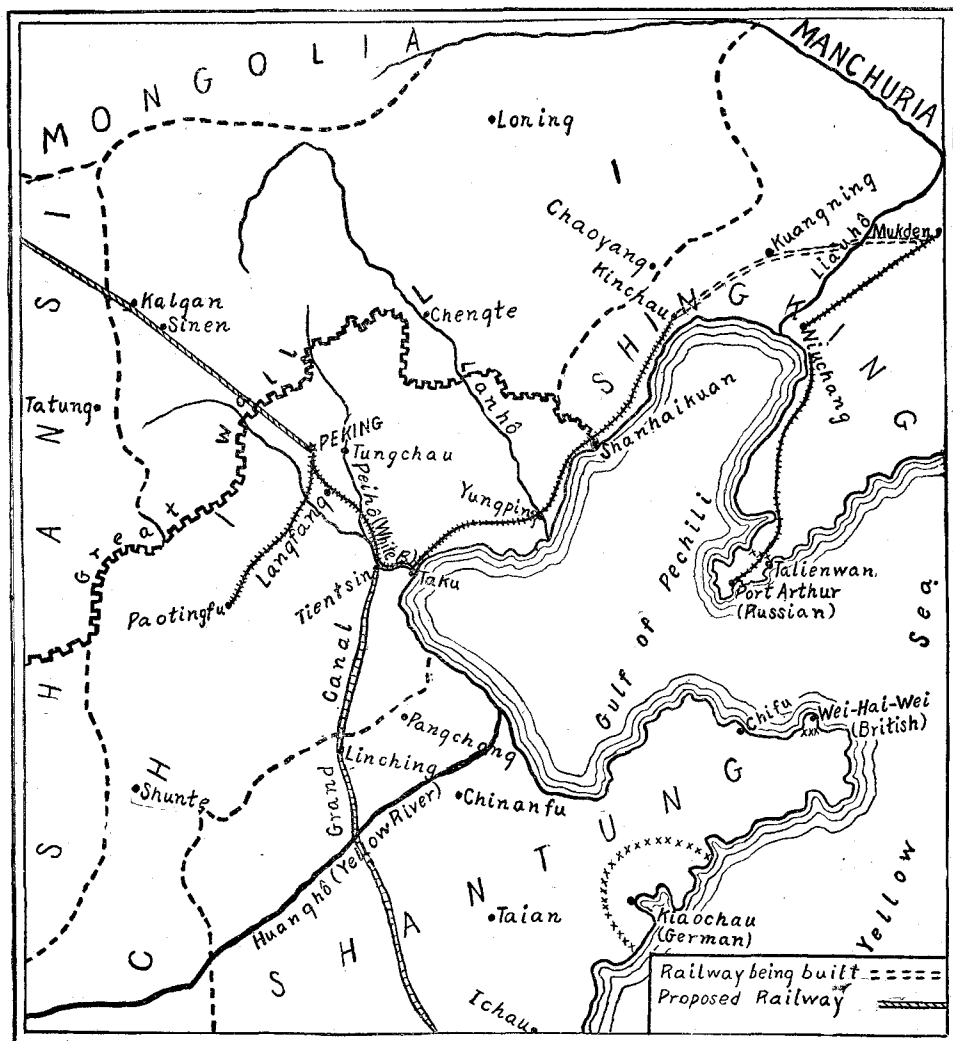
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War in China On Sunday of this week the Chinese forts at Taku fired on the foreign vessels in that port. The fire was promptly returned by the combined fleet of gunboats, and the weak, mud-built forts were quickly reduced and forced to surrender. The foreign loss is

stated at 21 killed and 57 wounded, mostly in the Russian and German forces; it is rumored that a British gunboat was disabled. Detachments from all the boats were at once landed. Large reinforcements (British, Russian, Japanese, and French) were expected in a few days.



An ultimatum had been sent to the Chinese demanding the withdrawal of their troops from the forts before two o'clock Sunday afternoon; the response was the opening of fire by the forts at one o'clock Sunday morning. The reason for the ultimatum is not stated in the despatches, but was probably the refusal of the Chinese in the forts to allow the gunboats communication with the foreign troops at Tientsin. Throughout last week the Boxer rebellion had assumed constantly more alarming proportions. In Peking, the capital, the Foreign Ministers, diplomats, missionaries, and merchants became virtually prisoners. On Saturday it was reported that the Legations had been destroyed by mobs and the German Minister killed or captured. This news has not been confirmed as we write, and actual knowledge of the condition of affairs in Peking is anxiously awaited. Earlier the Boxers had, it is believed, killed the Chancellor of the Japanese Legation at Peking. Such acts are likely to arouse the Powers to drastic action. It is also reported that the Boxers have massacred hundreds of native converts and servants of foreigners, besides burning the fine Roman Catholic Cathedral at Peking and the summer quarters of the British Legation. After a mock engagement early last week between the Boxers and the Chinese troops, many of the latter went over to the Boxers and massed themselves outside the capital, prepared to resist the advance of the international relief column. This column, mostly British, had started the week previous from Tientsin (the port of Peking and of four northern provinces), under the general direction of Admiral Sir Edward Seymour. It consisted of about twenty-five hundred men, representing detachments from the fleets of the seven Powers at Taku on the coast. The column was unable to advance further than Langfang, about thirty miles from Peking, where it had an engagement with the Boxers. The latest reports state that this European force has been obliged to return to Tientsin, and is there awaiting reinforcements and supplies. As the Boxers had destroyed all of the relaid railway track and material between Tientsin and Peking, an advance could be made only while communications with the fleet could be kept up. The force of the United States in China is to be

increased at once by the Ninth Regiment, now at Manila, and by two other regiments not as yet named, making about five thousand soldiers of the regular army, and by the Oregon, the Iris, the Solace, and probably other ships in the Philippines. From Tientsin Mr. Ragsdale, our Consul, reports that the native city has been in the hands of the mob. While the little Monocacy is able, by reason of her light draught, to push up the Peiho (or White River) to Tientsin, our other vessels, together with the forty from other Powers, must anchor at Taku at the river's mouth. There are indications of a more general uprising against foreigners throughout all the provinces of the Empire than had been believed probable. For instance, Mr. Martin, our Consul at Chekiang, south of Shanghai, telegraphed that an American ship of war should be immediately sent to his assistance; and so far south as Yunnan the China inland missions have been attacked. The French Consul at Langchow, M. François, cables that he is practically a prisoner and in danger; M. Delcassé, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, has cabled to the Viceroy of the province that the Viceroy will answer to France with his life for M. François's safety.



America and China Cabinet meetings have been held daily in Washington devoted to considering plans for rescuing Americans from the fury of Chinese fanatics, and the natural anxiety of the Cabinet has been intensified by Mr. Conger's inability to communicate with the State Department. In his instructions to Mr. Conger to take independent, but, if desirable, concurrent action, Secretary Hay is but following the course of the United States in China in 1840 at the bombardment of Canton, in 1858 in the attack on the Taku forts, and in 1860 in the forcing of the Peiho and the occupation of Peking. It was at Tientsin in the latter year that the famous treaty was made by which the Chinese Government definitely guaranteed the toleration of Christianity. "Any persons," says Article 29 of our Treaty of 1858, "citizens of the United States or Chinese converts, who, according to these tenets, peaceably teach

and practice the principles of Christianity, shall in no case be interfered with or molested." Our history in China, marked always by independent, even if concurrent, action, will not embarrass us; we are and shall be free from any semblance of agreement or alliance. This settled, the Cabinet realizes that its first duty is to give the fullest feasible protection to our officials, missionaries, and merchants in China; property interests are decidedly of secondary consideration. All the available marines attached to our Asiatic station will be concentrated at Tientsin. Admiral Remy has been ordered to send a battalion of marines from Cavite to Admiral Kempff at Taku, the guards for Cavite being replaced by troops from General MacArthur's command. The Ninth Regiment will reach Taku about July 1. At Admiral Kempff's request, the *Iris*, a large collier, will also proceed to Taku from Cavite with coal and stores for nine hundred men for three months. This increase of American military power in China is regarded with special satisfaction by the Powers. The forwarding of a large military force by any one of them might excite suspicion and opposition, as we have already seen in Japan's opposition to Russian aggression, but such a course by the United States is above suspicion. Our increase of military power on the *Peiho* is, however, not regarded so favorably by the Chinese Government itself. As in the case of Turkey, so with China, her only hope of escaping disintegration lies in the mutual jealousies of the Powers.



Russia and China

It has been hinted that Russia has secretly stimulated the Boxer rebellion in order to bring about sufficient injury and rioting to necessitate intervention and the yielding of territory as indemnification. But at present Russia seems to be acting with the other Powers in perfect harmony. Russia has an advantage in that she can land troops from her garrison of twenty-five thousand at Port Arthur, or despatch them overland through Manchuria and Mongolia from the hundreds of thousands composing the Siberian contingent. Early last week it was announced at St. Petersburg that the Russian Government had resolved to take immediate military

action to suppress the Boxers. It was added that Russia is willing to act independently of the other Powers if there should be any hesitancy on their part. M. de Giers, Russian Minister at Peking, has, it is said, made another attempt to induce the Tsungli Yamên (the Chinese Foreign Office) formally to request Russian assistance in restoring order. Since then M. de Giers has assured his colleagues that he is authorized to recognize any Government in China that proved able to produce peace. Jealous Japanese believe that the excuse for a Russian occupation of Peking. Another Russian triumph has been more quietly achieved, but it is one of greater significance, if we remember John Bright's saying that engineers would be remembered when politicians were forgotten. It is announced that the Governments of Russia and China have agreed to the construction of a railway from Lake Baikal to Peking. By such a railway northeastern China will be brought into the grasp of Russia, as all northwestern China has been brought by the Manchurian railway. However, politics aside, Russia must have new outlets for her population seeking commerce, and it is only natural that she should turn her attention towards China. It may be added that, being herself quasi-Oriental, Russia could assimilate Mongolia better than any other Great Power could.



Roman Catholics and the Boxers

The statement has been made that the Boxers are opposed to all Christians in China because the priests of the Roman Catholic Church, by the treaty between France and China two years ago, now hold ceremonial and civil powers not enjoyed by Protestant missionaries, and that the Roman Catholic Church has been using this power as an inducement to the natives to embrace Christianity. Some priests were even suspected of going so far as to defend criminals and evil-doers who had promised to join the Church providing they were acquitted. Some Protestants declare that the present Boxer fury is but a just punishment for the flagrant abuse by Roman Catholics of the special power and authority thus invested in them. On the other hand,

the Roman Catholics declare that the imperial decree simply regulated the intercourse of their missionaries with the mandarins—for instance, by its provisions, bishops were placed equal in rank with viceroys, rural deans with tao-tais or department directors, and priests with prefects; that personal communication, which had been before almost impossible to obtain, is now possible, and consequently justice between Christian and non-Christian is easier of accomplishment. In any case, it is not improbable that, basing their belief on treaty rights protecting all Christians, native Christians may have presumed that they were really independent of Chinese authority and, through foreign protection, might escape the punishment which an ordinary Chinaman would receive. It is not extraordinary that the Roman Catholic Church has been so successful in China, and now numbers there thirty bishoprics and a million adherents. For it should be remembered that she began her work in the far East more than five centuries before the Protestants began theirs. Even Marco Polo found an Archbishop of Peking. No one has estimated Protestant Chinese adherents as numbering over 300,000, and most estimates fall below this figure. In North China the Presbyterians have the largest number of American missionaries—nearly two hundred—and nearly six hundred helpers. The Presbyterian printing-press at Shanghai is the largest mission press in the world, issuing sixty-seven million pages a year. The Methodists have over a hundred and fifty American missionaries and nearly seven hundred native helpers. The Congregationalists (American Board) have over a hundred missionaries and over three hundred native helpers. These are the principal American religious bodies in North China. Important American Protestant mission stations are situated at Kalgan, Paoting, Lin Chang, and Pang Chang. The Church of England is also strongly represented, having in China nearly two hundred missionaries and over five hundred native helpers. In all China religious and educational work is now at a standstill. Church services are impossible. Schools have been disbanded and school buildings made into barracks, and the daily life of all the people is interrupted through dread of the

Boxers. It is a satisfaction to add that, though some of the weaker Chinese have fallen away, as a rule the natives have stood firm in loyalty to their faith.



The German Navy In the passing by the German Parliament last week of the bill which the Emperor had caused to be prepared with the purpose of doubling the German navy, he realized a great personal triumph. When he proposed this startling increase, he made use of the following phrase, which is likely to become historic:

Even as my grandfather labored for his army, so will I in like manner and unerringly carry on and carry through the work of reorganizing my navy, in order that it may be justified in standing by the side of my land forces, and that by it the German Empire may also be in a position abroad to win a place which it has not yet attained.

Whatever other claim the German Emperor may have on history, it is hardly likely that he will be better known by reason of any other achievement. The naval bill of December, 1897, had been passed through the Reichstag under the distinct promise from the Admiral of the Navy that the comparatively modest annual provisions would be observed for six years. Six months ago, however, the Admiral was compelled to appear in the Reichstag as the Kaiser's spokesman in demanding the doubling of the navy. The reasons given were, it must be owned, plausible: during these latter days Germany has made sudden and immense progress in the development of her merchant marine, her commerce, and her colonial empire, and needs proportionate naval protection. The development of the merchant marine is particularly interesting. During the last quarter of a century the increase in its carrying capacity has progressed four times as fast as that of Great Britain, France, or the United States. The result is that Germany is now the second maritime power in the world, although the merchant marine of Great Britain still colossally outdistances that of Germany, six to one. This increase is paralleled by that in German ship-building. Ten years ago the larger part of all material used in that industry was bought in England; now German ship-building is entirely free from the necessity of buying in the English or

any other market. Such a change is the more noteworthy when we remember that the coal and iron mines which furnish a large part of ship-building material lie a hundred and fifty to six hundred and fifty miles from the German ports, that those ports mark a coast hardly over six hundred miles long, and that the larger part of this coast lies on the Baltic, in large part an inland sea. Despite this, two German shipping companies have become the largest in the world. South America, South Africa, and China have each furnished arguments for the increase of the German navy. In order to win over a sufficient majority for the bill, however, it was found necessary by William II. and his advisers to make certain compromises, which have evidently already been carried out in connection with the meat bill already passed. While the latter measure may be modified by later legislation, it is practically impossible that the naval bill will ever be changed.



The Boer War

Last week's record of the war in South Africa was one of military successes and defeats on both sides. Early in the week Lord Roberts sent a force under General Ian Hamilton to Diamond Hill, fifteen miles east of Pretoria, to dislodge the Boer forces there under General Botha. The ground was difficult, and the Boers fought all day long with fierce determination. Their fire was blinding, but the hill was finally seized and held by the British. Their casualties amounted to nearly one hundred; the Boer casualties are not known. The Boers retired to the next kop, somewhat higher than Diamond Hill. The great extent of mountainous country in the Transvaal (a region as large as Switzerland), which has to be covered under modern conditions of warfare, will render progress eastward and northward from Pretoria slow and difficult. Other events in the Transvaal last week were the occupation by General Hunter of Klerksdorp, and the brilliant re-establishment of order by General Baden-Powell in western Transvaal. He has already captured several hundred prisoners and has received the submission of many hundred Boer farmers. President Kruger has, it is reported, changed his headquar-

ters to Alkmaar, near Selspruit. In the Orange River Colony events were not so favorable to the British. It now transpires that, in addition to their capture of a thousand men week before last, the Boers also captured two companies of volunteers and yeomanry. Although railway communications have been restored through characteristic business-like methods and energy on the part of Lord Kitchener, the Boers have become aggressive enough to check the advance of General Rundle, who last week was compelled to act only on the defensive. Even in the Orange River Colony the Boers seem determined to fight to the bitter end. But the London "Times" correspondent with Lord Roberts asserts that negotiations are about to take the place of hostilities. In Cape Colony the principal event last week was the resignation of the Schreiner Cabinet, due to Mr. Schreiner's refusal to follow the majority of Boers in Cape Colony in opposition to British military policy. Sir Alfred Milner, the Governor at the Colony, sent for Sir John Gordon Sprigg, who has, after several efforts, succeeded in forming a Cabinet in which he is to be Premier. Some of Sir Alfred Milner's closest friends opposed this, feeling that it would be better to retain Mr. Schreiner with a coalition Ministry. Although Mr. Schreiner's sympathy with the Boers is naturally keen, he has always described himself as an Imperial Federationist, and his ability to direct affairs at this crisis in the progress of Imperial federation is probably greater than that of any other statesman in South Africa. His loyalty has been doubted by such young and impulsive Imperialist correspondents as Mr. Winston Churchill, for instance, but there seems to be no proved cause to doubt his loyalty to the Empire.



Ashanti Last week the rebellion of the Ashantian tribes in West Africa became so serious that the British Government appealed to other equatorial colonies, such as Trinidad, Barbadoes, and Jamaica, for volunteer troops to go to Nigeria. In this action we have evidence of the necessity of policing tropical regions by men accustomed to analogous climatic conditions. The part of the Gold Coast Colony known as Ashanti is close to the

equator, and it has been found difficult land to administer, as it is well-nigh impossible to enforce among governmental servants some necessary rules for health there, such as the prohibition of liquor and of unboiled water, and of sleeping on the ground or within several feet of it. Nearly half the British officers employed in the work of organizing the West African frontier force were invalided the first year. This is a body of three thousand men, the most important of the local forces on the Gold Coast. They are giving a good account of themselves in their effort to rescue Sir Frederick Hodgson at Kumassi, the capital of Ashanti, but the need of great bodies of British troops in South Africa has made it impossible to send a sufficient force as yet to West Africa.



Morocco As the French instinctively felt, the Fashoda fiasco was a blow to France both in West Africa and in East Africa. In the latter region the tribes south and east of Algeria are certain to hear of it sooner or later, and to feel justified in making occasional flying raids across French boundaries. This kind of marauding has actually taken place, and with great insecurity of life and property, in southern Algeria. To overawe the tribes between that region and Lake Chad, M. Decrais, the Minister of Colonies, despatched an armed expedition last autumn, which, after considerable journeying, occupied, among others, the rich oasis of Tuat, and fortified it. The tribes to the west, across the somewhat undefined Moroccan border, are also wild, wandering bands, over whom the Sultan's power is hardly nominal. These tribes were surprised at the establishment of a series of French outposts on territory hitherto regarded as belonging to Morocco, although French maps have long indicated that its control is open to dispute. The Moors became alarmed at a further advance; they remembered that years ago France had found an excuse in the raids made by the wild tribes on the Algerian eastern border gradually to absorb Tunis, and asked themselves whether that history would not be repeated in Morocco. The agitation went on all winter, and when the outposts were recently again advanced (they are now sixty miles from what the

Moors had regarded as their old boundary), a Jihad, or Holy War, was preached against the Christians. The French Government informed the proper native authorities that any interference with the outposts would be rigorously repulsed. This, however, has not hindered the massing of thousands of Moors at Figig, prepared to attack the foreigners. Figig lies in the southeastern district of Morocco, through which the French would gladly run their railway, of which more than two hundred miles has now been completed south from Oran. The railway is to connect that French port on the Mediterranean with a French port on the Atlantic—Fort St. Louis, at the mouth of the Senegal River. The present French force on the Moroccan border consists of twenty thousand men and four thousand camels. The army of the Sultan of Morocco comprises about sixty thousand men, exclusive of cavalry; the "Prince of True Believers" undoubtedly relies also on the co-operation of Mohammedans in other countries.



Morocco's Future Bismarck once prophesied that the Moroccan question would ultimately stir up a great European conflict. Although German and Italian ambition would probably stimulate some diplomatic activity, the Powers most interested in Morocco are Spain, England, and France. The Spaniards in Morocco exceed in number any other Europeans there; besides which Ceuta and Melilla, on the Moroccan mainland, are Spanish territory. Nor is Spain likely to forget that her southern provinces are the nearest part of Europe to Morocco. While Spain has the greatest number of emigrants, England has twice as much trade, in both Moroccan exports and imports, as has any other Power. Moreover, England is not likely to forget that Gibraltar rises opposite Tangier, although this would be an argument with the Powers against the extension of English territory into Morocco. In the possession of the country all about Morocco, however, with consequent increasing intimacy of relations, social, mercantile, and political, France has the strongest claim. As the Boer Republics formed the only obstacle to a British South African empire, so Morocco forms the only obsta-

cle to a greater French North African empire. The most natural outcome, therefore, would be that Morocco should one day be French. In this event it is to be hoped that American maintenance of the open door in China may find an echo on the Mediterranean. The door should be opened in Africa as it has been in Asia. We trust that the other Powers will insist on the internationalizing of Moroccan trade as the price of their acquiescence in the aggrandizement of France.



The Indian Famine

The American contributions for the famine sufferers in India are rapidly increasing, and have already reached a large sum. It is hoped that before long at least a million dollars will be sent from this country. The Committee of One Hundred on the India Famine, recently organized in this city, is doing valuable and comprehensive work in securing funds for this cause. The Committee of One Hundred has now established a thorough working system of distribution in India through the Americo-Indian Relief Committee of Bombay, of which the Rev. Robert A. Hume, well known by reputation to The Outlook's readers, is the Secretary. Dr. Hume, under date of June 15, cables that this Relief Committee has been fully organized, and that the money sent to it will be used chiefly for four objects—the rescue of orphan children, aid for perishing farmers, clothing for the naked, and village relief. Dr. Hume adds that the annual rain which should at this time accompany the monsoon has been delayed, and that anxiety and distress are still increasing. Usually the monsoon rain is due in Bombay about the tenth of June, and very soon after it reaches the central Indian districts, where the suffering has been so extensive and terrible this year. Cable despatches two or three days later than that sent by Dr. Hume state that at last the long-desired monsoon rain has arrived, and there are hopes that the next harvest will be fairly good. Had there been a failure altogether of the monsoon rain this year, as there was last, the conditions of famine both in water and food that would have ensued would be horrible beyond description. Even as it is, the work of rescue

and relief is so great as almost to stagger comprehension. Over six millions of the natives are now receiving pay for relief work furnished by the Indian Government. Ninety per cent. of the cattle are dead, and plowing for the new crops will have to be done by hand, while seed must be furnished by the Government or private benevolence, and food to carry on the agricultural population until the next harvest must be supplied. Clothing, also, is sadly needed. It is said that a million and a half of children are now being gratuitously fed at Government relief camps, while tens of thousands are still unrelieved in the far country districts. Under these circumstances it is unnecessary to point out to our readers the instant need of help. As we have frequently stated before, our readers may be perfectly sure that any contributions sent to Messrs. Brown Brothers, of 59 Wall Street, New York City, for the Committee of One Hundred, or to the treasurers of the various missionary organizations (for instance, Mr. F. H. Wiggin, of the American Board, Congregational House, Boston), will be applied directly, wisely, and economically.



Japan Helps Us Restrict Immigration

The Government of Japan has recently done a friendly act which relieves our own from serious embarrassment. During recent months there has been a sudden increase in the immigration of Japanese laborers to this country, and it has aroused on the Pacific coast a sentiment similar to that felt against the immigration of Chinese. Our Administration did not wish to assume an unfriendly attitude toward Japan, nor did it care to have the labor agitation against Oriental immigration gather headway. Happily, it found that our sentiments respecting the immigration of Japanese laborers fitted in with the sentiments of the Japanese Government toward their emigration. It will be recalled that it was not until the time of our Civil War that European governments fully acknowledged the right of their subjects to emigrate, and this distinctively military view of the duties of subjects to their sovereign seems still to be cherished in Japan. At all events, the Japanese Government has issued an

order forbidding more than five persons to emigrate in one month from any of its forty-seven provinces to the United States, and more than ten from each to emigrate to Canada. The Japanese officials informed ours that Japan did not wish her citizens to leave their country at all, and especially did not wish them to go where they were not wanted.



The Political Conventions

The Democratic State Conventions continue to indorse Mr. Bryan, and his nomination by acclamation seems as certain as future events ever are. New Jersey and Maryland are the only two States whose delegates are not under instructions to support him. In the Ohio Convention last week there was some attempt to create a "boom" for Admiral Dewey as Mr. Bryan's associate on the ticket, but the Admiral, who had just received a popular ovation in Columbus, put an end to this movement by declaring that under no circumstances would he consider a Vice-Presidential nomination. His words, though less epigrammatic, were as positive as General Sherman's famous declaration that he would not "accept if nominated, nor serve if elected." The most important action taken by any recent Democratic Convention was the declaration made in Kentucky that the Goebel election law ought to be superseded by one giving both the great parties equal representation upon all the election boards. The pressure for this declaration is said to have come from Mr. Bryan, who did not enjoy the attitude in which his support of Mr. Goebel and Senator Blackburn seemed to place him. By means of this declaration the Kentucky Democrats expect to reunite their own party, and profit by the mortification created in the Republican party by ex-Governor Taylor's refusal to return to the State and face prosecution for alleged complicity in the assassination of Mr. Goebel. Ex-Governor Taylor was practically offered the Republican nomination if he would return to the State, but he has, for some unaccountable reason, preferred to remain in Indiana, whose Governor refuses to honor requisitions from the Kentucky authorities on the ground that Mr. Taylor, if he returned, would not receive a fair trial. Governor Mount's

position in the matter is also difficult to understand, as the Constitution requires the authorities of one State to give "full faith and credit to the public acts, records, and judicial proceedings of every other State." So far as the Vice-Presidency is concerned, the Democratic Conventions have left the outcome as much in the dark as did the Republican. It now seems possible that Mr. Towne may neither be indorsed at Kansas City nor withdraw, but that fusion electoral tickets may everywhere be agreed upon, dividing the electors between Mr. Towne and the Democratic candidate. The Republican candidate for Vice-President will be named before this paper reaches our readers. As we go to press, the only thing in the way of Mr. Roosevelt's nomination is the opposition of Mr. Roosevelt himself.



The Oregon Election The late returns from Oregon show that the Republican pluralities are larger than the first reports indicated. The Republican candidate for Supreme Court Judge has a plurality of over ten thousand, or about the same that the Republican candidate for Governor received in 1898, and the Republican candidates for Congress have substantially increased their aggregate plurality over that of two years ago. This last increase, however, is chiefly due to the candidacy this year of an independent Democrat in the Portland district, who received about two thousand votes. The Middle-of-the-Road or anti-Fusion Populists had no State ticket in the field. Their candidates for Congress, however, seem to have polled upwards of two thousand votes. The fusion of the minority parties which formerly opposed each other is therefore incomplete. In the arithmetic of fusion two and two rarely make four. It did so in '96 in Oregon because the Populist and Democratic committees agreed upon the same men to act as Bryan and Watson and Bryan and Sewall electors. The Republican plurality over this joint electoral ticket was but two thousand. The gains this year over '96 make the Republicans of the Pacific slope not only confident of carrying California, which was close in the last Presidential election, but hopeful of carrying Washington, which then gave Mr. Bryan fifteen thousand plurality. In

1894 the Populists of Washington polled nearly twice as many votes as the Democrats, and if the Democratic Convention at Kansas City fails to indorse Mr. Towne for Vice-President, a large Middle-of-the-Road or stay-at-home Populist vote is expected. The Oregon election certainly shows that the fusion of the anti-Republican forces is by no means complete, and also that on the Pacific coast the issue of expansion has added materially to the Republican strength.



The Cuban Elections

The municipal elections in Cuba took place last Saturday with no disturbance, and although the elections have been followed by some charges of unfairness and some disputes, these accompaniments of election contests are not unknown in countries of longer experience in democratic methods. Perhaps the least encouraging feature of the election was the smallness of the vote. It must be remembered that the conditions of suffrage were fixed, not by the United States Congress, as might perhaps have been expected, but by the arbitrary direction of General Wood; it must be, however, instantly added that in every particular General Wood has acted throughout with the most evident earnest desire to educate the Cubans in primary American political methods. The alternate qualifications for the suffrage thus established were: (1) Ability to read and write; *or* (2) ownership of real or personal property to the value of \$250; *or* (3) service in the Cuban army prior to July 18, 1898, with honorable discharge. In addition to these limitations there were also, of course, the usual limitations with regard to paupers, insane persons, criminals, age, and sex. It was thought that under these conditions of suffrage there were about 160,000 men eligible to qualify as voters. It is impossible at this writing to give the exact number of the total votes cast in the different cities, but in Havana it was 19,600 out of a total registration of 24,000, while the registration there and in the other cities was very much smaller than it should have been. Several reasons are given for the apparent indifference of the Cubans to the exercise of the ballot in this first election. One is that the municipal officers chosen will be entirely under

the authority of the American military government, and that the Cubans do not consider this a representative Cuban election. Another is that there was no real party issue raised, and that the contest was almost solely between individual politicians for office.



Parties and Possibilities In Havana General Rodriguez was elected by an overwhelming majority against an independent opponent, polling nearly two-thirds of the total vote cast. Rodriguez stood as the candidate of the National party, which particularly represented the soldier element, and this party was generally victorious throughout the island. Three parties came to the front during the election—the National party (Nacional Cubano), of which we have just spoken, the Republican party (Partido Republicano), and the Democratic-Union party (Unión Democrática). The first two of these were energetically and vociferously in favor of Cuban national independence; the third party, the Democratic-Union, was not outspoken on the subject, but was suspected of leanings toward annexation, with the result that in Havana and several other places it was compelled to withdraw altogether from the contest and to retire its candidates. In Havana a plan of minority representation in the election of Councilmen was effectively tried; two of the minority candidates were chosen who could not have been elected under the ordinary plan. Outside of Havana the Republican party carried more of the municipalities than did the Nationals. In Santiago the National party withdrew; here the color question had some importance, and the victorious party was called the white party. While no official announcement has been made with regard to the future action of the United States toward Cuba, and while Congress has not legislated on the subject, it is very generally believed in Cuba that the municipal elections which have just taken place form the first step in a series of political events which will ultimately end in the establishing of a complete Cuban government; thus it is considered probable that in October delegates to a Constitutional Convention will be elected under the direction of General Wood; so far as we know, General Wood

has not yet made the announcement, but, judging from press reports, there can be little doubt that this is the general expectation. After this, it is intimated by Cuban papers, the step of choosing a President may follow, and thus a working government may be set in operation while the American military ascendancy is still maintained as the court of ultimate resort. General Maximo Gomez, who has immense influence in Cuba, refused to declare in favor of either of the two more prominent parties in the election just ended, as both were striving without reservation for independence.



**The Porto Rican
Tariff Upheld**

Last week Judge Townsend, of the United States Circuit Court in the district of Southern New York, rendered an important decision sustaining the right of our Government to levy a tariff upon shipments from Porto Rico into the States. The case immediately before the Court involved only the legality of the taxes collected prior to the recent Act of Congress, but the principles laid down cover every question that has been raised. The Court begins its decision by pointing out that during the Mexican War our military authorities temporarily controlled certain territory, but that goods imported therefrom continued none the less to be taxed like goods from foreign countries, showing that "the Constitution did not follow the flag." Chief Justice Taney, who wrote the decision of the United States Supreme Court confirming the validity of these taxes, ruled that the conquered territory was a "part of the United States . . . as regarded other nations," but that our boundaries could be extended "only by the treaty-making power or the legislative power." The question before Judge Townsend, therefore, was whether the treaty with Spain incorporated Porto Rico within the United States. Regarding this question, he points out that the Spanish treaty distinctly provided that the "civil rights and political status [of the people of the ceded colonies] shall be determined by Congress," and did not, like previous treaties of annexation, even promise to the annexed people "all the rights, advantages, and immunities of people of the United States." Even when giving effect

to previous treaties Congress always took occasion by specific act to extend our customs system to the annexed territory. It cannot, therefore, be assumed in the present case that this system was extended prior to Congressional action. So far, of course, the decision merely denies that the Constitution extended to the new territory of its own force, without legislation to give effect to its provisions. Judge Townsend, however, goes on to affirm that Congress is not bound to give effect to the provisions of the Constitution relating to uniformity of taxation. This part of his opinion, though not essential toward deciding the case before him, is the most important of all. Its crucial paragraph reads as follows:

That we have the power to govern without the obligation of uniform taxation may be an unfamiliar proposition, but it is so because we have never before had occasion to use the power to the same extent. The Constitution-makers may not have thought of it, yet, as we have seen, it is an incident of full sovereignty commonly exercised at the time the Union was formed—one which is now prohibited to the States, and so must have passed to the Federal Government with the power to make war and treaties to which it is incident. For the framers of the Constitution intended that instrument, not as a limitation upon the freedom of the new sovereign in acting for the States in foreign affairs, not as a check to growth, but as the organic law of a nation that can live and grow. To deny this power to govern territory at arm's length would be to thwart that intention to make the United States an unfettered sovereign in foreign affairs.

The critics of this decision, of course, affirm that, while the powers of the American Nation are unfettered, those of the National Government are no greater than have been directly conferred upon it by the Constitution and its amendments. Whether the power claimed for Congress by Judge Townsend is a necessary incident to the powers granted in the Constitution is a question which it is now almost futile to discuss. Its settlement must be left to the Supreme Court.



**The Alarming Wheat
Bulletin**

The June crop report of the Department of Agriculture makes the outlook for the wheat crop this year extremely disappointing. In the States where the wheat is sown in the autumn about one-sixth of the acreage has been completely abandoned, and in Ohio and

Indiana, the two greatest winter wheat States, the loss is still greater. The table for these States is as follows:

	Acres Harvested 1899.	Acres Sown for 1900.	Acres Standing June 1.
Ohio....	2,950,000	3,098,000	1,828,000
Indiana..	3,100,000	3,255,000	2,015,000
Total..	6,050,000	6,343,000	3,843,000

The complete loss of the crop on these two and a half million acres is aggravated by its partial loss elsewhere. Even where the crop remains standing the condition of winter wheat in Ohio and Indiana is but thirty per cent. of the standard, as compared with an average of nearly eighty per cent. during the past ten years. On many farms hardly as much wheat will be harvested as was sown. The reports for "spring" wheat are, fortunately, better, but even these fall much below the average for the past decade. In Minnesota and North Dakota, the two most important States where the wheat is sown in the spring, there has been a slight reduction in the acreage, and the condition of the standing crops on June 1 was in the first State ten per cent., and in the second seventeen per cent., lower than the recent average. Curiously enough, the only important wheat State which sends in a signally encouraging report is Kansas—the State in which complaints of adversity have usually been the loudest. In Kansas the condition of the crops is reported at 104. The gain here, however, and the lesser gains in a few other States, afford but little relief to the general situation. Unless the European crops are good, wheat is sure to be dearer. Already it has risen about five cents a bushel.



The Commencement Season

The College Commencements are now following one another in rapid succession, and from every quarter of the country come reports of the great prosperity of all the leading institutions—a prosperity evinced by large increase of endowment, by the founding of new professorships, by the opening of new courses, by the advancement of standards of work, and by larger attendance of students. The gifts of the year to education make it, from the point of view of material prosperity, the most remarkable in the whole history of the country. There is reason to

believe that the enlargement of the material basis of higher education has been paralleled by the broadening and advancement of purely educational opportunities and distinctly educational work. Dr. Henry Wade Rogers, who for the last ten years has been President of the Northwestern University, and who is a man of distinct ability, force of character, and a scholar of repute and quality, has resigned his position, giving as his reason the failure of the trustees of the University to co-operate with him. Professor William Porter, a graduate of Williams College, and for nearly half a century a professor at Beloit College, who has now reached his eightieth year, retires from active work, full of years and honors. Dr. J. H. Finley, who resigned the presidency of Knox College to take an editorial position in this city, has been appointed to a new chair of politics at Princeton. Mr. Bliss Perry, graduate of Williams, resigns his professorship of literature at Princeton in order to give himself wholly to his work as editor of the "Atlantic Monthly." Professor Perry's career has been notable for conscientious and intelligent work and for growing ability. Among the men who have received honorary degrees during the past two weeks are Professor Perry, upon whom Princeton conferred the degree of L.H.D. by way of a parting recognition, and Mr. Thomas B. Reed, Captain Mahan, Lord Pauncefote, the English Ambassador, and President Hadley, of Yale, all of whom Columbia made Doctors of Law last week.



The American School in Palestine

The well-proved generosity of American patrons of learning in Biblical fields of study has a most worthy opportunity in the needs of the American School in Palestine. This has recently become affiliated with the Archaeological Institute of America, upon conditions similar to those regulating the relations to the Institute of the School at Athens and that at Rome. The plan of the Palestine School originated five years since with the Society of Biblical Learning and Exegesis. The American Oriental Society has indorsed it in the strongest terms, as promising a new impulse to Biblical and Oriental scholarship. Its importance is

further evinced by the fact that the Andover, Auburn, General, Princeton, and Union Theological Seminaries, the Episcopal Theological Schools at Cambridge and Philadelphia, and the following universities and colleges—Boston, Brown, Bryn Mawr, Cincinnati, Colgate, New York, Columbia, Harvard, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Trinity, Western Reserve, Yale—have severally pledged annual contributions for the next five years, the Archaeological Institute also guaranteeing an annual subsidy of \$500. The Council of the Institute has voted to open the school next October, at Jerusalem, under the charge of Professor C. C. Torrey, formerly of Andover, now of Yale, who takes charge as Resident Director for the first year. Unfortunately, no fellowships have yet been endowed, and students must at present bear all their expenses, an economical estimate of which, including voyages, is \$500 a year. The school greatly needs a fund for fellowships yielding at least \$500 each. It also needs a fund of at least \$100,000 for the erection and equipment of a suitable building, the purchase of a library, the salary of a Resident Director, and the prosecution of vacation tours of exploration and research. A pressing need just now is a few thousand dollars to supplement the modest sum of \$4,000, now in hand or in sight, that the school may go at once into efficient operation. Inquiries and remittances may be addressed to Professor J. Henry Thayer, Cambridge, Mass., who is Chairman of the Committee.



Congregationalism in Canada

The Congregationalists of the Dominion, though numerically few, are yet in the forefront in dealing with the great and vital questions of the day, as was shown at the recent annual Union in Montreal, June 6-11. The Secretary briefly summarized the situation at the opening session in referring to the work at home, the wider circle of Congregationalism of all lands, the still broader ground from which the hand of fellowship is extended to Christians of all ecclesiastical names, and the yet greater range of service which considers the whole of man and all men. Around these fourfold aspects of thought the programme naturally resolved itself. The Chairman, Mr. E. L. Yeigh, of To-

ronto, in the annual address, on "The Making of an Empire," reminded Congregationalists of their part in this great work. The stirring home missionary addresses by the Revs. Hugh Pedley, of Montreal, and A. F. McGregor, of Toronto, turned attention to the great Northwest, where a "Forward Movement" has been inaugurated, while the earnest appeals of Miss Emily Wheeler and the Rev. F. W. Macallum, two returned missionaries of the American Board, called for faithful effort on behalf of the foreign field. Two very excellent conferences magnified the rightful and natural development of young life, and its enlistment in varied forms of service. The Sunday sermons by the Revs. G. Ellery Read and Hugh Pedley were both strong, broad, and able utterances. Mr. Read's address, based on Matthew xviii., 18, called for the free, untrammelled operation of truth and its application to every phase of life, while Mr. Pedley's, on 1 Cor. iii., 21-23, uttered a plea for greater unity under the supremacy of Christ and the largeness of the Christian's inheritance. The morning session of the closing day was given up to sociological discussions, the specific themes being Prison Reform, Temperance, Sunday Observance, and the Labor Problem, which were introduced in turn by the Revs. D. S. Hamilton, of Montreal, C. E. Bolton, of Belwood, H. F. Thomas, of Toronto, and W. A. Vrooman, of Winnipeg. The concluding topic of the Union was Congregationalism and the Federation of Churches, introduced by the Rev. William McIntosh, of Ottawa, who ably discussed the underlying principles which are bound to triumph in this federation, even if the name Congregationalism, with which they are identified, should be sacrificed.



The Order of St. Christopher

Our readers may not have forgotten that the Order of St. Christopher began its propaganda in The Outlook. It is fitting, therefore, that some report of its progress should appear in these columns. The Chapter-House of the order is at College Point, near New York City. It is not a monastic order. Its members are simply bound by a pledge of intention to spend at least ten years in institutional work, and they must be consecrated to God and

humanity. On proper recommendation, men and women between the ages of eighteen and fifty-five years are received as members. Three and a half years of training are required before novitiates become "free members." A special department of work is that among boys—boys who are orphans or half-orphans, boys who are deformed but not disabled, and boys who are restless under parental control. In his recent volume, "Tramping with Tramps," the writer known as "Josiah Flynt" declared that the management of reformatories should be in scientific hands; he pleaded for the training of young men and women for the rare usefulness awaiting them in such institutions. University and Social Settlements attract many, and such settlements are splendid manifestations of the spirit of universal brotherhood: but there is also "a moral hospital to be carried on in penal and reformatory houses. Must a moral nurse and physician be chosen for his ability to control votes, or to treat his patient with skilled attention?" The workers in the Order of St. Christopher are supplying the latter kind of training. It is one of the most economic charities, as its members are unpaid.



The Supply of Clergy The question of the supply of clergymen has been one of the most interesting problems in the ecclesiastical world during the past year. In some religious bodies statistics would indicate the existence of an over-supply; in others, of an under-supply. We now have a statement of conditions in the Church of England as shown by a report to the Convocation of Canterbury. During the three years covered by the report, ordinations to the diaconate showed an average yearly decrease of one hundred and ten, despite a growth of population at the rate of three hundred thousand a year. If the diaconate had kept pace in numerical strength with the population, there would have been an annual increase of one hundred in the clergy. The decline in numbers, according to the report, is due to the following reasons: (1) The deterrent effect of a truer estimate of the significance of Holy Orders; (2) the financial difficulty—under which must be included the fall in tithe, the uncertainty

of promotion, and the increasing competition of the other more lucrative professions; (3) unsettlement of religious belief and the disturbing influences arising from criticism, skepticism, from uneasiness at the discord prevalent in the Church, and from the indifference, worldliness, and materialism which prevail in large sections of society. In accepting this report, the Convocation agreed that the need of an adequate supply of clergymen ought to be brought before congregations more than it is at present; the sense of vocation ought to be impressed upon boys during their school life; in schools and universities there ought to be such provision for teaching and for the exercise of personal religious influence that the desire for Holy Orders may not be discouraged. While the quantity of the supply is thus undoubtedly deficient, the quality cannot be so easily shown; a misleading idea might be obtained from the fact that in the sixteen years preceding 1896, out of all the deacons ordained, more than two-thirds were graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, while since 1896 the proportion of graduates has diminished to sixty-one per cent., though the number from Dublin, Durham, and other universities is increasing.



Mrs. Gladstone The news of the death of Mrs. Gladstone at Hawarden on Thursday of last week was read with something very close to a feeling of personal emotion by many thousands of English and American people who never even saw her. Her character and influence were so intimately associated with the work and personality of her husband that in popular esteem and affection they were almost as one. No portrait of Mr. Gladstone was more popular (we are told by one of his biographers) than that which represents him delivering an open-air speech on some great national issue, with Mrs. Gladstone standing by his side holding an umbrella over his head to shield him from the glare of the sun. The picture was certainly typical, for the devoted wife was constantly shielding the famous husband during their sixty years of married life from bores, over-exertion, exposure to fatigue, and all sorts of minor troubles, worries, and annoyances. Catharine Glynne was born in 1812, the

daughter of Sir Stephen Glynne of Hawarden Castle, and, before and after her marriage to Mr. Gladstone, was noted for her beauty, her charm of manner, and her fineness of tact and social judgment. Many of our readers will remember the beautiful pictures of Mrs. Gladstone, both in her youth and in her later life, which accompanied Mr. Justin McCarthy's "Story of Gladstone's Life" as it appeared in *The Outlook* two years ago. In charitable work Mrs. Gladstone was constantly interested; a single instance of the plans carried out by her was that of the raising of \$25,000 for the orphans who were victims of the great cholera epidemic; at Hawarden, too, she conducted an orphanage in which girls were trained for domestic service, and gave it her closest personal supervision. Mrs. Gladstone was always averse to publicity for herself, and the vigilance she exercised over the statesman's every act was really for her a matter of courage as well as of devotion. She will be buried by her husband's side in Westminster Abbey, by courtesy of the Dean of Westminster and in accordance with the understanding at the time of Mr. Gladstone's death.



The Coming Campaign

The Republican National Convention meets in Philadelphia this week, and the Democratic National Convention will meet in Kansas City the first week in next month; a season of political discussion is therefore upon us. *The Outlook* in its next issue will publish two articles from staff correspondents at the Republican Convention, one giving an account of the proceedings from a Republican's point of view, the other from that of a Democrat, and both, we trust, moderate, fair-minded, and comprehensive. So far there are no evidences of unusual excitement, of the presence of any great amount of passion, or any suggestion of that bitterness which sometimes characterizes Presidential campaigns. It is greatly to be hoped that these elements will be absent; it is the campaign of light which educates; the campaign of heat confuses and demoralizes. There has grown to be a feeling of shrinking from the Presidential summer because of the unsettled business conditions which it has

sometimes introduced into the situation, because of the general discomfort which always follows upon an excited state of public feeling, and because the newspapers as a class surrender so large an amount of space to purely political news that their interest for the average reader is greatly lessened. This ought not to be so. A Presidential election ought to be and has sometimes been a great school in government; a purely popular school, it is true, in which the students have taken as large a part in the teaching as the formal leaders; in which the course of study has been to the last degree disorderly in arrangement. Nevertheless, when there is a real desire to get at the principles involved and a fair degree of sincerity in the platforms of political parties, the country never fails to learn something from the hand-to-hand discussion which goes on for four or five months.

Six years ago very few people in the country knew anything about the currency; the discussions of the last campaign forced every thoughtful man and woman to consider the question, and the result has been an immense broadening of knowledge touching all matters of finance. The bitterness of feeling has died away, the educational results remain. In the present canvass an entirely new set of questions will be foremost. Their discussion will not be unattended with excessive feeling and intemperance of speech. They are new; to many they seem revolutionary. All thoughtful Americans have had to readjust themselves to new conditions. By a marvelous and dramatic series of events, the interest of the whole civilized world now centers in the East. Every country of any position and influence is compelled to think of its relations to older countries and to organized society throughout the world; new duties, new responsibilities, grave problems of many sorts, have been brought home to the leading countries of Europe, and for the first time to the conscience and the consciousness of the people of this country. What is needed more than anything else is a campaign of thoughtful discussion, of frank and full statement of fact. There is no reason why such a discussion should not characterize the political campaign of the coming months: in its very nature that discussion cannot help informing and

enlightening a host of people. Men cannot send their thoughts abroad without widening their own horizon. Whatever we may do or not do as a matter of governmental action in the distant parts of the earth, we can no longer fasten our attention exclusively upon our own National affairs. We shall be compelled to think of the affairs of other nations; and, in the long run, it will be found that this process will clarify our own National ideals, broaden our National sympathies, and make us more capable of conducting with wisdom, sympathy, and foresight our own National development.



An Effective Anti-Trust Decision

In a curious way, the New York "Sun," the strongest defender of trusts among the daily papers of this country, has secured from the Illinois Supreme Court one of the most far-reaching decisions against trusts that has yet been rendered. This decision was against the Associated Press, and inasmuch as that Association furnishes the telegraphic news printed in nearly all the influential dailies in the country, the decision against it has not received the attention it deserves. The case before the Illinois courts was as follows:

The Associated Press is an Illinois corporation, formed to collect news in all parts of the country, and to furnish it to the daily newspapers which are stockholders in the Association. One of its by-laws requires the papers receiving its service to enter into a contract not to purchase news from any rival association. Another of its by-laws forbids the Association to furnish its service to any newspaper in the territory of one of its members without the consent of the member. The Chicago "Inter-Ocean," which belonged to the Associated Press, violated its contract not to buy news of a rival association, by purchasing reports gathered by the New York "Sun." The management of the Associated Press was about to withdraw its service from the "Inter-Ocean" to discipline it for purchasing from a rival, when the "Inter-Ocean" obtained a temporary injunction against the with-

drawal of this service, and the case was carried to the Supreme Court of Illinois. In the lower courts the contest had gone against the "Inter-Ocean," but the Supreme Court, with the concurrence of all of its seven judges, rendered a decision that the contract to prevent a newspaper from buying news wherever it would was contrary to public policy and void from the beginning. The substance of the decision is as follows:

It has been uniformly held that a telegraph company or telephone company is bound to treat all persons and corporations alike, and without discrimination in its business of receiving or transmitting messages. The business of such a company is public in its nature, and a public interest is impressed thereon to such an extent that no discrimination can be made against persons or corporations. Whoever is the owner of property which is devoted to a use in which the public has an interest, he grants to the public an interest in that use, and must to the extent of that interest submit to be controlled by the public for the public good so long as such use is maintained.

The Associated Press, from the time of its organization and establishment in business, sold its news reports to various newspapers who became members, and the publication of that news became of vast importance to the public, so that the public interest is attached to the dissemination of that news. The sole purpose for which news was gathered was that the same should be sold, and the newspaper publishers desiring to purchase such news for publication are entitled to purchase the same without discrimination against them. . . . The legal character of the corporation and its duties cannot be disregarded because of any stipulation incorporated in a contract that it should not be liable to discharge a public duty. Its obligation to serve the public is not one resting on contract. The clause of the contract which sought to restrict appellant [the "Inter-Ocean"] from obtaining news from other sources than from appellee [the Associated Press] is an attempt at restriction upon the trade and business among the citizens of a common country. Competition can never be held hostile to public interest, and efforts to prevent competition, by contract or otherwise, can never be looked upon with favor by the courts.

The decision goes further than the appellants in the case demanded or desired, since the Court not only holds the contract forbidding a newspaper to buy of a competitor of the Associated Press to be unlawful, but also makes unlawful any contract limiting the service of the Associated Press to a single newspaper in any locality. The fact, says the Court, that the Associated Press has built up a news-gathering service in all parts of the

country which no individual newspaper can duplicate, and which all are practically obliged to have, gives to it public duties such as rest upon telegraph companies or common carriers of any description. It is bound to serve all publishers at the same rates. Any contract to prevent this is "a contract to create a monopoly," and therefore "void."

The Associated Press, we learn from the New York "Sun," is now seeking to reorganize under the laws of some Eastern State, but as the decision against its monopolistic features rested upon the principles of the common law rather than any express statute of Illinois, it is difficult to see how the association can evade the obligations pointed out by the Court. The decision goes a great way toward preventing a private corporation organized in any State from determining what news the people of the country shall read; and if the principles laid down are applied to other industries, all of the unrighteous contracts by which manufacturers prevent merchants from buying of their competitors may be annulled, and legislation may constitutionally be enacted giving exemplary damages to those who suffer from such contracts.



Woman Suffrage in the West

The following letter was received by The Outlook some time since. It has been kept for reply until we could make the necessary inquiries and get direct and trustworthy information from the State of Washington:

There are many features of The Outlook which we enjoy very much. But because it is so forceful, condensed, and influential, any misrepresentation of fact in its columns seems more misleading and harmful than a like statement in publications of less reputation and in which readers place less confidence. For instance, the statement to the effect that in the State of Washington woman suffrage was tried and found not to work well, and that it was therefore repealed, retracted, or done away with, etc., etc. It is inconceivable that the editorial staff of The Outlook are not informed as to the illegal and unjust way in which the women of that State were defrauded of the right of suffrage by a combination of all the vicious male politicians of the State. The real facts of the matter may be easily obtained, and a fair statement of them in The

Outlook will surely win it much commendation from a large number of women from all the States.

H. R. T.

Washington, D. C.

The paragraph in The Outlook to which our correspondent takes exception was as follows:

Oregon's next neighbor, Washington, it may be remembered, once had equal suffrage in its Territorial days, and saw its women serving on juries and elected to office. But now Washington, having retraced its steps as regards woman suffrage, rejected a proposal to reinstate equal suffrage last year by a decisive vote.

The result of our inquiries is to demonstrate the accuracy of this statement. There is no evidence to support the impression of our correspondent that the women of the State were defrauded of the right of suffrage by illegal or unjust methods, and no other evidence that the defeat of woman suffrage was due to a "combination of all the vicious male politicians of the State" than the affirmation of the "Woman's Journal," whose judgment on such matters cannot be unquestioningly accepted by the student of contemporaneous history. The facts in the case are as follows:

The Legislature of the Territory of Washington gave the suffrage to women; the law was submitted to the Supreme Court, which held it to be in violation of the organic law of the Territory, because the purposes of the Act were not expressed in the title, and the organic law required that "every law shall embrace but one object, and that shall be embraced in the title." This is a not unusual requirement, and one which experience shows to be just and necessary in order to prevent surreptitious legislation. The decision of the lower court was affirmed by the full bench on appeal. A new Act was then passed by the Legislature extending the suffrage to women; this Act was also submitted to the Supreme Court, and was by the Court declared to be in violation of the organic law. That law provided that "every white male inhabitant above the age of twenty-one years . . . shall be entitled to vote at the first election, . . . but the qualification of voters and of holding office at all subsequent elections shall be such as shall be prescribed by the legislative assembly; provided, that the right of suffrage and of holding office shall be exercised only by citizens of the United States, above the

age of twenty-one years," etc. The ground on which the Supreme Court of this Territory held that the Act of the Legislature conferring the right of suffrage on women exceeded its legislative powers is thus stated by the correspondent who has furnished us with the official history in this case:

The Court held that the word citizen as used in the Act was not to be given its broadest meaning, but was to be given that meaning which was consonant with the spirit of all laws passed by the Congress wherein the Act in which the word citizen recurs refers in any manner to the elective franchise or qualifications for office. The Court further held that the word citizen as used in the Act was not intended as enlarging the grant made by the words "white male inhabitant," but the change from the words last above quoted to that of citizen was evidently done for the purpose of excluding aliens.

The decision was affirmed by the full bench on appeal. The Territorial Legislature derived all its powers from the organic law; the Supreme Court of the Territory was the properly constituted body to determine in any disputed case what those powers were; it decided in this case that the Legislature had no power to confer suffrage on women; it cannot be said that this was either an illegal or an unjust method of determining the question. And this determination ended the first or Territorial stage of the controversy. In our judgment, it ended that stage of the controversy in accordance with the organic law of the Territory.

Over two years elapsed between the original Act of the Legislature conferring suffrage on women and the final decision of the Court that the Act was void. During this time women had voted, held office, and served on juries. The experiment had thus received a considerable trial. After the Territory was organized as a State, the question whether women should vote was submitted to the voters of the State. They had whatever light was afforded by the previous experiment of woman suffrage; and in the light of that experiment the provision proposed, extending suffrage to women, was defeated by ten thousand majority. The only evidence that this majority was created by "a combination of all the vicious male politicians of the State" is the general assumption that all the virtues are in our party and all the vices in the opposition; this, it is true, is

a not uncommon assumption in political discussions, but it is never a safe one. The discontinuance of woman's suffrage in Washington is apparently due to two circumstances: first, the decision of the Supreme Court that in its first form it was not constitutional; second, to the decision of the people, by an overwhelming majority and after a somewhat extended trial, that it was not for the best interests of the community. The rejection of woman suffrage by the State of Oregon in the recent election indicates that Washington's immediate neighbors, who had the opportunity of seeing that experiment, agreed with the people of Washington in their judgment. We see no reason to think that this, which was the apparent, was not also the real, cause of the defeat of woman suffrage in the State of Washington.



The Denials of God

The suggestion made a few years ago to test the efficacy of prayer by scientific methods excited a great deal of journalistic interest and was widely commented upon, but disclosed from the very beginning lack of perception into the true nature of prayer; for the essence of prayer is not confidence in the ability of the petitioner to bend the Infinite Will or to control the power of the Infinite arm for his own ends. He would be a rash man, essentially unscientific as well as profoundly irreligious, who should venture to set a limit to what is called the direct answer to prayer—that is to say, the answer in the form in which the prayer is presented; but the essence of prayer is always submission to the Divine Will; it is a petition for what the petitioner believes to be the best good of some person or some cause. If he could understand that what he asks for, if granted, would involve great misfortune or serious moral disintegration to the person or cause, the prayer would never be made. Now, any intelligent conception of prayer involves this purpose on the part of the individual and conceives of the answer to prayer as being dictated by the divine insight into the purpose and needs of the petitioner. For this reason, as was pointed out in these columns not long ago, the silences of God are as significant as those responses which

seem so direct that we can hardly question their authority; and the denials of God are as much answers to prayer as are his silences or his responses. Shakespeare saw this distinctly, great psychologist as he was, when he said :

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise
powers
Deny us for our good : so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

Probably no one will read these words who cannot look back at some cherished hope or some passionately loved purpose, the denial of which brought at the moment sorrow and something like despair; that denial, however, seen in the light of to-day, stands out as the greatest piece of good fortune. Many a man has striven for some special position upon which he had set his heart, some special specific opportunity which seemed to him the only open door to fortune, and when the position slipped through his fingers, or the opportunity went in some other direction, it seemed as if life had ended; but, looking back after a decade, it is often evident that the loss of the position and the missing of the opportunity were the very things which opened the way for a higher and broader success. Our prayers are limited by our knowledge, but they are answered out of the wisdom of God. For that reason they are perhaps as often denied as granted, and in the denial the petitioners are most truly heard.



The Church and the Workingman

According to the newspapers, there has been again, recently, a discussion of the question, Why do workingmen not go to church? and again the answer has been given, Because the church does not do anything for the workingmen. How far this answer represents the sentiments of the workingmen we do not know; we do know that it dishonors them, and therefore we hope that it does not represent them.

Suppose the country was attacked by a foreign foe, and soldiers were called for to defend it, and workingmen should decline to volunteer, what would be thought of those who should justify

their refusal upon the ground that the army was not doing anything for the workingmen? Suppose volunteers were called for in a country village to organize a fire company, and the workingmen should all refuse to join or to contribute: what would be thought of a defender of their refusal who should say, The workingmen live in rented houses; it will do them no harm if the houses burn up; the fire company will not, therefore, do any good to the workingmen? Suppose a temperance society is organized and a man refuses to join it, and gives as his reason, I do not drink myself, and I have no children, so the temperance society will do me no good: what would be thought of his position?

The church is a body of men and women who have leagued themselves together to do Christ's work in Christ's way. There are just three questions for any man to ask himself concerning it, and only three: first, Is it worth while to do Christ's work in Christ's way? second, Is the church doing Christ's work in Christ's way? third, Can I find any better method of doing Christ's work in Christ's way than by helping to support the church? If any man thinks that it is not worth while to do Christ's work in Christ's way, that is a good reason for not supporting the church; if he thinks that it is a good thing to do, but that the church is not doing it, that is a good reason for not supporting the church; and, finally, if he thinks he can do his share in that work better in some other way than by co-operating with the church, that is a good reason for not supporting the church.

But to refuse to support the church because he is not going to get a *quid pro quo* is a very poor reason for refusing it his support. And to affirm that workingmen remain away from the church because they cannot get anything out of the church is not to defend, it is to discredit, them. If there are any considerable number of men who think that the church is not doing Christ's work and it is a good work to do, the proper thing for them to do is to form a new organization and set about showing the churches how to do Christ's work in better fashion and more effectively than they are now doing it.

The Spectator

The Spectator dusted off his hand-bag, rolled his umbrella, squeezed his traveling cap into his pocket, and started on a long-contemplated journey to the land of the gallant John Smith and the brave Pocahontas. To tread the land enriched by memories of the early days of Virginia had been the dream of his life. Leisure now made this possible. And the Spectator felt, as he stepped on the deck of the little steamer at Richmond, as if he really were in a dream. At last, without any excitement, the lines of the boat were cast off, and in the early morning light the bow of the steamer pointed down the river. We were afloat on the James. When the smoke of Richmond's great factories was hidden from view, then, and then only, was the Spectator able to understand that his dream was about to be realized.



Other pilgrims were on this journey. In ten minutes after the boat left the wharf one asked the captain when we should reach the place where John Smith married Pocahontas. His amazement when told that they never were married was pathetic. "She married somebody here on this river, I'm sure." "Yes, John Rolfe," was the reply of the captain, without comment. Whereat the pilgrim remarked in triumphant tone to his party: "There! I knew she married somebody named John near here."



The Spectator found that the first historic interests thrust on his attention were not of those days when that colony of Englishmen attempted a new experiment in expansion, but of a later time, when these hills echoed to the roar of cannon; when these peaceful slopes were crimsoned; when motionless blues and grays were left to tell the stories of hearts and homes made desolate; when sorrow and death hovered over this James River valley. The Spectator refuses to fight these battles over again. A wise man has said that there is one thing better than a good memory, and that is a good forgettery.



John Fiske's magic had peopled these

shores for the Spectator. The portraits recently seen by him of the gallant, handsome John Smith, and the mother of some of Virginia's bravest sons, Pocahontas, much disfigured by the fashionable dress of her brief day in London, made the past more vivid; and as the beautiful banks, with romantic indentures and countless streams—those waterways which have formed the social life of Virginia—stretched on either side, it was the James River of 1620 on which the Spectator was sailing. In every clump of trees was an Indian, and every stream was eagerly scanned for canoes. The Spectator could sympathize with those brave adventurers who ignored the advice of the wise men of the London Company, "Neither must you plant in a low or a moist place," for witchery hangs over these lowlands on the James. They invite the thought of home, of peace, of prosperity.



The Spectator was surprised at the amount of business done on the river. Every landing was a busy exchange for a time. Negroes in their picturesque rags, which on them never seem to represent degradation as they would on a white, made the center of interest. They so clearly have but little to do with the business of living! They stand in the sunshine joking and laughing, the delight of the true artist because of the colors that the negro always subdues till they charm the eye. His reds and blues, his yellows and browns, except when he dresses for occasions, are the perfection of harmony of color, while the easy, natural laxity of his muscles makes him the picture of grace when he is not the embodiment of mirth and jollity.



The homesteads on either bank of the river are brilliant jewels in the chain of our early—yes, of our later—history. Statesmen owned them, met in them for conference in the days when might, majesty, and dignity were the elements of brain and manners that marked the Nation's leaders. Every house had sheltered a President. In more than one the first feeble note of a baby's voice set in motion vibrations that later broadened to the ringing tones of a President, Ambassador, maker of the Nation's policy. As the boat approached

one of the most beautiful and memorable of these homes, there was seen on the dock an active, small, somewhat bent little figure leaning on a cane, attended by a coal-black, muscular negro—a woman whose every movement showed the aristocrat. On her head was a gray knotted hood which on any other head would have been out of place, as would any other head-covering have been on that dainty head, the beautiful outline of which it made visible. Her dress was of some soft, clinging black stuff, her cape gray, her small, slender feet covered with gaiters such as the Spectator had not seen since a little child, when like ones covered the feet of his grandmother. This lady of days almost forgotten carried a pretty basket and a bunch of wild flowers. Every member of the crew whose business carried him on the wharf first saluted the little lady before he attended to business. The captain went down for the especial purpose of saluting her. To him she extended her hand, over which he bent with a stateliness that belonged to another day. Outside the circle of bustle of landing and shipping freight stood our lady of the manor-house and her attendant. Just before the lines were thrown off, the stewardess went ashore, received many and minute directions, and came aboard with basket and flowers. At the next landing there came hurrying down the hill from an equally beautiful and equally historic homestead a young girl whose movements were those of a fawn. Without self-consciousness, greeting colored and white with equal friendliness and grace, she leaned far over the string-piece of the wharf to take the basket and flowers from the stewardess and listen to the message; then, laughing and chatting gayly, she ran up the hill. Neighbors on the James still use its waterway for neighborly exchange.

The prow of the boat is headed for Jamestown. Breathlessly the Spectator clutches the rail. The years are swept away. It is May of 1620. Three strange boats are turning the point, in one of which is a tall, blond man imprisoned, disgraced in the eyes of that little world. "There is the tower of the church," came in soft accents that marked the captain a Southern gentleman, to which fact his courtli-

ness gave emphasis. A tower! a brick wall over which the native moss has not grown. How the mind traveled back, seeming to see the board nailed between two trees for a reading-desk, while the head of the noble Robert Hunt, who conducted the service, was protected by an awning of canvas. Fine old trees sheltered the platform of to-day from which eloquent addresses, commemorative of May 13, 1620, were delivered May 13, 1899. Now no Indian could lurk in the tall grass. The whole peninsula is like a well-kept farm. The Cary house at last is left in ashes, after its third destruction by fire. As the Spectator peopled the ruins, among the throng was a beautiful girl whom the Father of his Country wooed but could not win. Did her father ever regret the scorn with which he refused this suitor for his daughter? There rides away from its portals a courtly young man after whom a young girl gazes sorrowfully. The scene is blurred, and the Spectator awakes to the present time.



The Spectator stood in the stern of the boat looking back at the site that was the birthplace of a great commonwealth, that gave the Nation some of her bravest sons and most beautiful daughters. The picture left in his memory is of a crumbling tower, bare and gaunt, half hidden by pines, a young man in a scarlet golf vest, a string of blooded horses being led by negroes to the well-kept stables in the distance. Leaning against a pile in lazy grace is a young negro, whose dull reds and blues make spots of color after all else is lost. On the further bank of the river stands an urn whose foundations have been wrinkled by the touch of time, and the urn leans far enough over to let its contents drip on the ground. Beside it stands an old negress, with turbaned head, looking with keen interest at the approaching steamer. For a moment, as the steamer passes, there is the glimpse of a long avenue of trees, an open door—a vista to the trees behind through the hall of the house. The vision is past. Safe locked from eyes not always sympathetic stands the historic house, as though it were asking for itself the boon of being forgotten.

The Aborigines of the Philippines¹.

By Phelps Whitmarsh

Special Commissioner for The Outlook in the Philippines.

IN traveling through the Philippines I find myself constantly wondering at Spanish ignorance of the country and at the small net result of centuries of Spanish sovereignty. While Java on one side, with a similar race and three times the number of inhabitants, has become, under the colonial system of the practical Dutch, "The Garden of the East," and the Malay States on the other side, under British direction, have made enormous commercial strides and are steadily advancing in all the things which go to make our civilization, the Philippine Archipelago, under Friar rule, has been standing still, and to-day, as a whole, is undeveloped, unenlightened, and in many parts still unexplored.

In all the islands there is but one town worthy of the name; and even Manila is neither a manufacturing center, nor a base of supplies, nor a market. Everything outside the line of actual necessities must be ordered from Hong-Kong or farther afield, and all the great products, unless sold to middlemen, must be marketed in the United States or Europe. Manila, however, is the inlet and outlet of the archipelago; it is the only monument of enterprise the Spanish ever raised in the islands, and it was the head and center of their officialdom, their commerce, and their colonial civilization. Yet, within sight of the capital, at the very door of Spain's one, only evidence of work, there lies a forest of magnificent hardwood and lives a race of people in as primitive a state now as they were when Magellan landed. No more striking example of Spanish indifference and unprogressiveness exists, I think, than the fact that the peninsula of Bataan, not more than three hours' sail across the Bay of Manila, has remained during all these years of Spanish occupation a *terra incognita*. I know of no place in the world where one can so quickly and so easily jump from art to nature, from civilized life into savagery. The hundreds of "fashionables" who

throng the Luneta evening after evening and watch the sun sink behind the purple heights of the Sierra Mariveles are for the most part unaware that in those same mountains primitive men and women wander, sleeping in the hollow trunks of trees and under rude leaf shelters, and living, like their nearest of kin, the apes, upon fruits and forest roots. What a contrast! On one side of the bay handsomely dressed women, uniformed men, stylish carriages, cockaded *cocheros*, electric lights, a regimental band, and all the display and luxury the capital can furnish; on the other side, the gloom of a dense tropical forest, a fire of deadwood, and a family of naked savages waiting hungrily for the *paquit* cooking in the ashes.

The Negritos or Aetas inhabiting the Sierra Mariveles are less known than any of the independent tribes of the Philippines. Though, since my arrival in the islands, I have not failed to ask every Spaniard I met what he knew about the race, I have never yet found one who could give me any first-hand information. Some had seen them in captivity and could describe their appearance, with which I was already familiar; others declared that Negritos and Igorrotes were one and the same thing; and still others had never heard of them. I mention this to show how generally ignorant the average Spaniard is of the country in which he has lived and ruled so long. As a matter of fact, Negritos can be found not only in Bataan but throughout the Zambales range and in several of the other islands.

Though ethnology must ever be largely theory or guesswork, it seems to be fairly well established that the Negrito race are the aborigines of the archipelago. The Tagalogs, Visayans, Bicolos, Igorrotes, and Moros, though they differ slightly, are all branches of the Malayan tree—all undoubtedly of Indian origin. The Negrito, however, has all the outward characteristics of the Papuan—short, woolly hair, a skin almost as dark as that of the African negro, and the thick lips, flattened nose,

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and body odor common to all negroes. Notwithstanding that the Negritos are mountaineers, they are a physically weak, poorly developed people, strangely lacking in stamina, and great cowards. They are an unusually small race, moreover, the men averaging about five feet in height, the women not more than four feet six inches, and the chest and limb measurements being proportionately small. In point of intelligence they seem rather superior to the Australian aborigine, though in their mode of living they are about on a par. They build no villages or permanent houses, but roam from one locality to another as the seasons change and the forest products are exhausted. Of roots their staple is the *paquit*, a species of yam, very large and sweet. Other roots are the *bulôy*, the *lima-lima*, and the *calôl*. The principal mountain fruits are the *curig*, *bago*, *dao*, and the *lychee*. They also collect a little wild honey which they barter for rice, and the men occasionally shoot deer, wild boars, and birds with palm-wood bows and arrows. With few exceptions, they plant no crops; and unless they are in contact with other races, both men and women dispense with all clothing save the historic *tuparabo* or loin-cloth. They have no religious beliefs or observances, no gods, no demons, not even any superstitions. They have profound respect, however, for the moon, their fathers-in-law, their aged, and their dead. When they respect a person very much, they show it by never using that person's name. If, for example, you ask a Negrito who his father-in-law is, he will tell you in a roundabout way, but neither promises nor threats will induce him to give the name. The several Negrito tribes each have a distinct language which is mixed more or less with the languages of their nearest Indian neighbors. Thus, the Negritos near Pampanga use many Pampangan words, those further north much Ilocano, and so forth. Strange to say, when necessity drives a few of the tamer ones to labor for a short time in the rice-fields or as wood-cutters, men and women work with a vigor quite refreshing when compared with the torpid movements of the Philippine Indian. They climb with the agility of monkeys, and use the bow with remarkable accuracy. Though they are at enmity with the world at large

because their children have been stolen from them and enslaved by the lowlanders, they are pacific enough when left alone, and are, in general, a harmless, useless, and dirty lot of savages. Like all such races, they are gradually dying out. As in the case of the Australian black-fellow, the North American Indian, the Maori, and the Hawaiian, the Negrito's lack of moral and psychic forces unfit him for success in the ever-waging war of races. The faster Anglo-Saxon civilization advances, the sooner will the Negrito be extinct.

The southern end of the Mariveles range falls away in a gradual tree-clad slope to the sea, and forms the northern side of the entrance into Manila Bay. At the foot of the slope, snugly ensconced in a small but well-protected bay, lies the gray, nipa-thatched village of Mariveles, soon to become Manila's quarantine station. Opposite it, in mid-channel, is the bold, picturesque island of Corregidor, and beyond the blue hills of Cavite rise. In this breezy little village by the sea three of us landed one morning with feelings of relief and thankfulness, for Manila at this season is a town of scorching days and a "city of dreadful nights." We were armed with a letter to a native of the place named Simeon, who was recommended to us as a model *muchacho*, one who could cook, wait, sail a boat, show us the haunts of the biggest fish and the wildest animals, and guide us through the mountains to the home of the Negritos. "He's just the man you want," said our enthusiastic friend. "He speaks the Negrito dialect and knows the country thoroughly. You will find him invaluable."

Accordingly, after we had quartered ourselves in the house of one Julian, a dreamy native who took us upon his shoulders with a resigned air and gloomy forebodings as to the price of eggs and chickens, we asked our landlord to send for Simeon.

"Simeon!" he repeated, opening his eyes and mouth with a sleepy look of inquiry. "You know Simeon?"

We explained.

"What do you want Simeon for?"

We explained again.

"Who could have given you a letter to Simeon? Ah, yes! Don Enrique. He is rich. How much do you think he gets

a year? Where does he live? Calle Nozaleda is a fine street. Do you remember the number of his house? When he was here, he was always asking for old coins. What does he want old coins for? And so Don Enrique recommended Simeon to you. He is my cousin. A good boy. When would you like to see him?"

"At once."

"At once! Do you know where he lives? He lives in that house opposite, with his sister Manuela. She is a very high and mighty sort of person. A mestiza. When Valentin, the ex-presidente, was in office, he—"

"Can you not send one of these boys across the street and ask Simeon to present himself?"

"Yes, señor, certainly. I will serve you in any way you please. Will you stay in Mariveles long? Did you come here to see the combate-check-en which we have to-morrow? Perhaps you have come to buy the hot mineral spring?"

"Señor Julian!"

"Order, señor."

"Please send for Simeon immediately."

"Yes, señor. José! find Simeon and bring him here."

At last the order was given; but do not think that it was promptly obeyed. José, being Julian's son and preferring to stand and stare with the rest of the crowd who had followed us in, passed the order on to a younger brother, who in turn passed it on to a servant of the family, and the servant to a boy in the crowd, and so it went from one mouth to another, until it reached the smallest and meekest urchin within hail. The placid, dreamy Julian meanwhile calmly continued his catechising, in a way which showed that his curiosity was the liveliest thing about him.

Presently a pock-marked individual with protruding upper teeth, and in consequence a perpetual smile, bowed himself into the room.

"What is your name?"

"Simeon Rodriguez, at your service, señor."

"Here is a letter for you from Don Enrique. He recommended you to us as a guide; we should like to engage you for a few days."

Simeon declared himself delighted. He was ours to command until the Day of Judgment. He, his house and lands,

his carabao and his pig, were at our disposal forever. Yes, he was on intimate terms with the Aeta tribe, he was quite at home in the forest, and he understood just what we wanted. And what about pay? He would not hear of it. We were friends of his friend; that was sufficient. Of course, if we cared to give him what he was pleased to call a "gratification" at the end of his service, well and good. But—no, we preferred to have a business-like understanding and pay him so much a day. What was his time worth? How much a day did he want? To these questions, however, he would reply nothing but that most exasperating of all Spanish phrases, "Usted cuidado" (what you please). As there was nothing else to be done, we engaged Simeon on his own terms, and, after a talk with him, we arranged to start into the mountains the next morning. As we expected to be gone several days, we told him to hire two men as carriers, and put money into his hands to buy the necessary provisions for the party. Then we went snipe-shooting in the rice-fields back of the village for the rest of the day, congratulating ourselves upon having secured the model "muchacho's" services.

But, alas! it was another case of too much confidence in the natives. We ordered the start at six o'clock, intending to do our hardest walking in the cool of the early morning. At eight, precisely, our guide and his smile appeared, and astonished us by asking what day we would like to begin our mountain trip. As we had then been waiting impatiently for two hours with our things packed, we spoke rather warmly. Simeon's astonishment when he heard that we were waiting for him was beautiful. He had misunderstood us, he said. "Que lastuna!" (what a pity), he added, looking at the sun. "It is too late to start now. To-morrow, if—"

"To-morrow be hanged!" exploded the slangy member of our party; "we are going now!"

"But, señores, we have no provisions or carriers—"

"Go and get both at once, or we will hire another guide."

At about ten o'clock we got away, with Simeon in the lead. Contrary to our expectations, we did not strike directly

upwards, but followed the shore trail which took us through some charming little flats and occasionally out on the hard sand of the seashore. The variety and beauty of the scenery, the fresh sea-breeze, and the fact that we were at last under way, soon made us forget our troubles. We quite forgave Simeon after the first half-hour, and admitted that perhaps, after all, he had misunderstood. As he led us continually over level ground, we even went to the extent of seeing advantages in native laziness. "You may be sure," we said, "that a lazy man knows the easiest trail into the mountains."

Near midday we reached a palm-thatched farm-house nestling under the heavy foliage of two giant mango-trees in the center of a little rice valley. This, Simeon informed us, was the farm of his brother. As we sat in the shade drinking a native beverage composed of water and honey, Simeon astonished us again.

"Señores!" he began, "the Presidente told me this morning that he had ordered all the Negritos in the district to report to him this afternoon. If your principal object is to see the Negritos, it would be better for us to return to Mariveles. We shall certainly find none in the mountains."

We explained that we were not interested in seeing Negritos in a Tagalog village; we wanted to visit them on their own ground, in their own houses. We added, moreover, that we were going into the mountains anyway, whether there were any Negritos there or not.

Simeon looked sad. "In that case, señores, it will be necessary to hire another guide here. I do not know the paths very well."

By degrees we discovered that our model muchacho had never been half a mile up the mountain in his life, and that he had brought us to his brother's house, hoping that by the time we reached it we should be too tired to proceed further. We found, moreover, that, in spite of our two hours' walk, we were then as far from the mountains as we had been in Mariveles. It was rather maddening. Our slangy companion proposed that we should take the "false alarm" out into the woods and shoot him. But wiser council prevailed. We calmed down gradually, and, with a

second guide added to our party, we started again.

Guide Number Two came to us with as good a character as Guide Number One; he could take us to the haunts of the Negritos without any trouble. He was a shriveled, monkey-like old man with one eye; and as he skipped nimbly ahead, carrying his provisions—three small fish in one hand and a banana-leaf full of cooked rice in the other—our hopes rose.

We really did begin to ascend this time. In less than half an hour we passed through the scrub growth of the lower slopes, and lost the sky under the leafy roof and dense foliage of a primeval tropic forest. The faint trail wound about massive tree-trunks four, six, and eight feet in diameter, which frequently rose as true as a plumb-line for one hundred feet without a leaf or a limb. Other trees had great buttressed roots fully fifty feet in circumference, and were encircled and patterned with huge vines, so tightly wrapped that they seemed to be part of the tree itself. Others had twenty or thirty tortuous roots rising forty feet before they joined and formed a trunk. Great loops of bejucos frequently hung across the trail, and fell in snake-like coils from the upper branches. Flowering vines and parasitic plants, ferns and fungi, together with an undergrowth of dark, glossy evergreens, among which I noticed a dwarfed holly, filled the interior of the forest. There was, however, a strange lack of animal life. Save for an occasional shriek from some bird far above, and the circular-saw-like buzzing of myriads of locusts, the forest seemed deserted. Several times our new guide brought us to rude palm-leaf shelters of Negritos who had come and gone, but the savage builders of these shelters were not to be found. As we climbed higher and higher, the old fellow grew uncertain about the trail. At last he halted and spoke to Guide Number One in Tagalog.

"Señores," interpreted Simeon, "there is no water higher up the mountain."

This being very evidently a ruse to prevent us from going any further, we told him that we did not want any water, and to go on.

"Señores," he said a little later, "the carriers are exhausted. They cannot travel any more to-day."

"Tell the carriers that unless they follow us we shall go on without them and pay them nothing."

"Señores, the path is lost."

"Well, let the guide find it again."

"He cannot, señor. He does not know the mountain above this. He expected to find a Negrito to show the way."

"Go on, anyway."

"But where, señor?"

"Up."

After an hour or so of progress so slow that we scarcely seemed to be moving at all, and after we had been well scratched, pricked, torn, and angered, we gave it up. The smiling Indian had beaten us. Notwithstanding that it had taken us nearly all day to reach the point of aggravation, our guides got us back to Mariveles in something less than two hours; and that night, instead of camping in the woods, we stretched ourselves on the big *petate* in Julian's front room with bad words for the Filipino in general. I give the details of the incident in order to point out a very common Filipino trait, and to show what difficulties beset those who are foolish enough (from the native point of view) to persist in doing things.

One experience with our friend's model *muchacho* was sufficient. When he appeared at our breakfast-table next morning and smilingly asked what our commands were for the day, we told him in the plainest Spanish we knew to get out, which it must be said did not disturb his equanimity in the least. After that we went Negrito-hunting ourselves, with the result that we found the chief of the Mariveles tribe and his family the first day.

Yamot, which in the Negrito language means bad-tempered, was a frisky old fellow, with a twitching, humorous mouth, and two wives—mother and daughter. He said that he had too much respect for the family to allow his wife's daughter to marry an ordinary man, so he had taken them both. But for Yamot's fine woolly hair, I should have taken him for an Australian blackfellow, so marked was the similarity. One resemblance which struck me immediately was the manner in which these little hill men ornament their bodies with scars. The only difference between the Australians and the Negritos is that while the former make long, deep gashes with a sharp stone or shell, the

latter cut shallow patterns on their chests, arms, and back with a piece of sharpened bamboo. In both cases the cuts heal in shiny ridges, lighter in color than the rest of the body, and serve not only as beauty-spots, but also as distinguishing marks of the tribe. With the exception of one Igorrote tribe in Lepanto province, the Negritos are the only bearded race in the Philippines. Negrito men, moreover, often have short, curly hair growing all over their bodies.

A present of food, the only thing the Negrito appreciates, as it is the only thing he needs, won Yamot's confidence entirely. He enlisted in our service without being asked to do so, and was of great value to us during our wandering trip through the Negrito country. He became our guide, our cook, our teacher in forest-craft, and our amusement; he climbed the highest trees to bring us strange fruits, showed us where to search for the sweetest roots, drove young boars to the muzzles of our rifles, and enjoyed it all as hugely as we did. A noticeable change came over him, however, when he followed us back to Mariveles. In the forest he was a king, natural and full of confidence; but he lost these qualities when he reached the dwellings of another race. He approached the village warily, like a wild animal, and at once shrunk into the dwarfed barbarian he really was.

Thanks to Yamot, we had the rare opportunity of seeing a Negrito marriage. I do not know that the old chief actually ordered the ceremony for our benefit, but he certainly hastened the matter. The bride, whose name was Añgo, or Perfume, was a plump little Negrita about fourteen years of age, with great black eyes and a head as round as a billiard-ball. In honor of the occasion she wore a scarlet *camisa* and a short skirt. Basilio, the bridegroom, wore only the *taparabo*, and was a thin, shy youth perhaps two years older than his bride. Because of their diminutive size, probably, they looked more childish than they actually were. Throughout the ceremony they seemed to me more like two children playing at marriage than anything else.

About forty relatives assembled to witness the performance, and grouped themselves round a conical bower of bamboos about twenty-five feet high, against which

a crude ladder had been placed. The first act was the disappearance of Añgo in the forest. After much pretense at searching, she was discovered, by Basilio of course, hiding in a hollow tree, and led back a very willing captive. The curtain went up on Act II. showing Basilio in an attitude of despair under the bower, and Añgo slowly climbing the ladder. Near the top she perched herself with the facility of a monkey, and covered her head, *à la* ostrich, with a leafy branch. Suddenly the woebegone lover started to his feet, rushed wildly to and fro for a minute or two, and then sprang up the ladder in such a boisterous fashion that he threatened to bring the whole structure to the ground. Grabbing his timid bride about the waist, he dragged her rather unceremoniously to the top of the ladder, and, amid howls of delight from the audience, he hoisted her on his shoulders and slid down to *terra firma* again. Act III. discovered Añgo, with her arms outstretched, walking, with a pause after each step, in the center of the family ring. At each pause one of her relations rose and presented her with something. Some gave fruit, others a flower, others a piece of bright cloth, a handful of rice, or a new arrow for her husband's quiver. The youngest children ran up and put pretty leaves in her hands. When all had given, the presents were placed in a heap at the feet of the bride's mother. Bride and bridegroom then took hands and walked slowly away into the depths of the forest. They were married.

Though the Negritos have no law against a plurality of wives, they seldom take more than one. Divorce among them is very simple and very cheap. If a man prefers his neighbor's wife and she reciprocates, the man may purchase the woman by giving her husband a new hunting outfit, which consists of a bow and quiver, a variety of arrows, and a bamboo lance.

That modesty is an artificial thing, and wholly governed by custom, seems to be fairly well proved by the Negritos. Modesty, as we know it, is foreign to this race of little people; their one idea of the word seems to be in regard to eating. In squatting round their pile of baked roots, fruit, or rice, they do not face one another as the Philippine Indians do, but turn sideways and remain a full arm's length

from the food. After each handful they turn still further round, as though it were not good manners to allow their companions to see them in the act of eating. When a young man eats in the presence of his ladylove, as he usually does, modesty forbids him to take more than he can hold between his forefinger and his thumb. The result is that the average lover, by the time he gets married, is in a very poor condition.

Like all races in the Philippines, or perhaps I may say like all savages, the Negrito is exceedingly hospitable. He invariably divides what he has, even though it be but a handful of cooked rice or a small fruit, with those about him. He dislikes, too, to eat alone. When traveling he will go hungry for half a day until he meets some one, rather than take food by himself.

The only amusement the Negrito indulges in is an occasional feast held in honor of some dead relative. At these times a wild boar or a deer forms the *pièce de résistance*, and a dance ends the function. In the latter the dancers form a circle, each one holding the person in front of him by the loin-cloth, and stamp round and round to music furnished by their own mouths.

A Negrito cannot tell you his age, or name the day, month, or year. The sole method of measuring time is by the seasons. Thus, if a man dies in the lychee season, he will be remembered by a *fiesta* the following season. Their respect for their dead is one of the most remarkable things about them. The Indian burns candles, to be sure, and, if he can afford it, he pays a priest to read the burial service, but is indifferent whether the body is buried with or without a coffin. The Negrito, however, with great labor hollows out a log receptacle for his dead, and seals it with native resins.

After a five days' sojourn with these wild yet peaceful people, we descended again to the shore and the sea.

"To-morrow!" echoed Julian, in dreamy wonder, when we told him we were going. "Why do you not stay till Saturday?"

"Well, you see, Julian, our time is worth something. We cannot afford to lose a day."

"Lose a day! Lose a day! I don't understand. How can one lose a day?"

The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews

VI.—The Levitical Code

By Lyman Abbott

THE theological characteristics of the Book of the Covenant are as striking in their simplicity as are its political characteristics. It represents Jehovah as a righteous God, who demands righteousness of his children, and demands nothing else. There is no one sacred place—he may be worshiped anywhere; no great temple—an altar of earth will serve; no priesthood—the people is a kingdom of priests, and any man may offer sacrifice.¹

But at the time when this simple religion was set forth by Moses, the religions of the surrounding nations were complicated and elaborate. In Phœnicia, in Egypt, in Babylon, there was a sacred priesthood, a holy temple, and an elaborate sacrificial system. These two, this simple religion of Mosaism and this elaborate religion of paganism, came into conflict. And as the literary critic interprets the Old Testament, the Levitical code is the product of this conflict between the simple principles of Mosaism and the elaborate ritualism of paganism, much as the mediæval religion was the product of the conflict between the simple teachings of Jesus Christ and the elaborate ritualism of pagan Rome which those teachings were destined to supplant. If a stream of pure water is to wash out a sewer, it can do so only by entering the sewer. If a new life is to purify a community, it can do so only by entering into that community, and it must, in the very process of purifying, take on to some extent the impurities from which it is to cleanse the community.

We can trace this process in the Old Testament. We see this simple religion of Mosaism—God is a righteous God, who demands righteousness of his children and who demands nothing else; they may bring their offerings where they will, as they will, through whose hands they will—we find this religion entering into the life of the nation. At first there

is no temple, no one place of religious service where alone sacrifice may be offered, no priestly order which alone may offer sacrifice. Gideon offers sacrifice at Ophrah; Saul at Gilgal; Samuel and David at Bethlehem; Elijah at Carmel.¹ Nor are these violations of the divine law; they are clearly approved—sometimes approved by a signal revelation of the divine favor. When Elijah, who is no priest, offers the sacrifice on Mount Carmel, the fire falls from heaven in witness that God has approved his offering. It is clear that during all this period of their history the Children of Israel knew no law requiring all men to go up to Jerusalem and offer their sacrifices at the temple there, or requiring all sacrifices to be offered by priests. As during this early history of Israel there is no exclusive priesthood, no temple, no definite place of worship, so there is no elaborate ritual. The sacrifices during that early history are, for the most part, simple thank-offerings. Outside the Levitical code there are no indications of offerings to atone for sin.

But the nation is growing, not only in complexity of life, but also in moral consciousness. Its prophetic teachers, its providential schooling, are not in vain. The people grow in the knowledge of good and evil. Their appreciation of the holiness of God is developed; their consciousness of their sins against him is deepened. They feel increasingly the moral separation between good and evil, and therefore between a good God and an evil nation. At the same time they are growing, in some other directions, not so wisely nor so well. They mingle with other peoples and borrow from them. They abandon the simplicity of their primitive republicanism and adopt the monarchical system. The nation becomes a highly organized nation, with a standing army and a permanent civil administration.

¹ Exod. xx., 24-26; xix., 6,

¹ Judges vi., 24; 1 Sam. xv., 21; xvi., 5; xx., 6; 1 Kings xviii., 29-38.

It is not strange that it borrows from other nations religious as well as political ideas and methods. Sometimes the people worship Jehovah, but portrayed in images borrowed from Egypt; sometimes they substitute the worship of Baal and As-tarte for that of Jehovah; sometimes they suffer the double worship to be carried on contemporaneously and even in the same sacred edifice.¹ Imitating their neighbors in ecclesiastical as in civil matters, the people build a temple, ordain a priesthood, organize a sacrificial system, and unconsciously tend to centralize all worship in the temple, to confine all religious functions to the priesthood, to eschew all forms of worship not conducted according to the ritual. At length they are carried into captivity. For seventy years they live exiles in Babylon, separated from their holy city, their temple, their priesthood, their sacrificial system. Their religious life begins to take on new forms. They gather together their sacred books: the Bible grows into a recognized collection of sacred literature. They organize places for religious instruction and religious worship without sacrifice: the synagogue is born, and public and family prayer appear. They learn that God is not a Palestinian God, that he is to be met with elsewhere than in the temple of Solomon or the city of David. Ezekiel sees a vision of Jehovah in the desert; the Great Unknown beholds the manifestation of him in the starry firmament.² Because the people scorn their captives they scorn their captives' gods. Jehovah is no longer merely a God above all other gods, he is the only God; the gods of the pagans are for the first time called not-gods.³ The people are learning that their God is the God of all nations; that all places are sacred places; that he may be approached by prayer without a sacrifice and by the layman without a priest. The New Judaism is born, and it is, as so many new births are, a restoration of the oldest Judaism, a return to the truths of the Book of the Covenant, never really accepted by the people, yet never wholly forgotten by their greatest spiritual leaders.

At the same time, because the people are shut off from those methods of worship

to which they have been accustomed, they long to re-establish them. Their patriotism and their religious institutions become inseparably connected. Judaism means to them a return to the Holy City, and that means also a return to all that the Holy City connotes—their own temple, their own priesthood, their own liturgical system. And when the time of the restoration comes, and they return to their native land, many of the most deeply religious among them are eager to rebuild the temple, re-establish the priesthood, reorganize the ancient service. But all this tends to an excessive sacerdotalism, and that in turn, by a natural reaction, to vigorous protests against sacerdotalism. An ecclesiasticism and a Puritanism grow up together. The representatives of the ecclesiastical party urge the rebuilding of the temple, the reconstruction of the priesthood, and the rehabilitation of the liturgy; now for the first time appears the doctrine that sacrifice can be acceptably offered only in Jerusalem; that it is profanation for any other than a priest to offer it; that only by sacred sacrifice so offered in that temple can sin be atoned, God reconciled, and the sinful soul purified. But the representatives of the Puritan party will hear nothing of all this. They protest against it in utterances quite as vigorous as any of Luther's against Romanism, or any of the Puritans of the seventeenth century against sacerdotalism. Even before the restoration, Isaiah, one of the greatest of the prophets, sees the growth of this ecclesiasticism contemporaneously with the moral deterioration of the nation and protests against it.¹ Amos and Jeremiah are still more explicit, and both declare that this sacrificial system is not a revival of Mosaism, but a corruption of it:

Thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel: Put your burnt offerings unto your sacrifices, and eat flesh. For I spake not unto your fathers, nor commanded them in the day that I brought them out of the land of Egypt, concerning burnt offerings or sacrifices. But this thing commanded I them, saying, Obey my voice, and I will be your God, and ye shall be my people: and walk ye in all the ways that I have commanded you, that it may be well unto you.²

That Amos and Jeremiah were correct, that the Levitical system does not date from the days of Moses, that it is no

¹ 1 Kings xii., 28, 29; Judges ii., 11; vi., 25; 1 Kings xvi., 31, 32; 1 Kings xi., 5; 2 Kings xxiii., 13.

² Ezekiel i.; Isaiah lx., 25, 26.

³ Jer. ii., 11; xvi., 20.

¹ Isaiah i., 10-20.

² Jer. vii., 21-23.

part of that simple, primitive religion which finds its exposition in the Book of the Covenant, appears absolutely certain to the literary or scientific student of the Bible. This appears to him clear from the inconsistency of the Levitical code in its form and to some extent in its spirit with the Book of the Covenant, admittedly the oldest and most authentic interpretation of the spirit of Moses and his teaching; from its palpable ill-adaptedness to the nomadic life in the wilderness; from the fact that it was not only disregarded during all the earlier history of Israel, but disregarded with never a sign of divine disapproval, and sometimes with explicit signs of divine approval; from the nature of the ritual itself, and its kinship in form with that of pagan peoples; from the testimony of the great prophets already cited; and from the further consideration to be pointed out that it has unmistakably served its purpose, and is now no longer recognized as an integral part of Judaism by any considerable number of Jewish teachers.

The literary or scientific student does not, then, believe that the Levitical code embodies a divinely ordained system revealed to Moses, supernaturally preserved, and intended, either in itself or as a foreshadowing of the divine sacrifice, to be of eternal value to the human race. But neither does he believe it to be of pagan origin, an impediment to the growth of the human race, because a mere corruption of spiritual religion.

It had within itself elements which insured its destruction when it had served its purpose; that purpose was to furnish a bridge across which a people not fully emancipated might pass from paganism, founded on the fear of the gods, to Mosaism, which is founded on reverence for the one and only God, and so to Christianity, which is founded on God's love for man and the possibility of man's spiritual union with him. It was like the pagan ceremonialism in that it prescribed a temple, an altar, a priesthood, a sacrificial system, but it was unlike the pagan code in five very important particulars:

I. In pagan countries the ecclesiastical system, with its priests, its temple, and its worship, was independent of the people. The Church was a department of the State and supported out of the revenues of the

State. The priests were State officials ranking next to the king himself, if not outranking him. In Egypt a considerable portion of the land, perhaps as much as one-third, was made over to the priestly class; sacred slaves belonging to the priests cultivated the lands for them; their estates were exempt from taxation; their wealth was continually augmented by the voluntary gifts of the devout or the more reluctant contributions of the superstitious; they were, in short, the wealthiest, as they were the most privileged, class in the country.¹ A similar independence of the church was manifested far down into European history. In mediæval Europe the church was supported by payments for ecclesiastical services, which, at first voluntary, became compulsory; by tithes collected by force of law like other taxes; and by rentals of land, from one-tenth to one-fifth of which, in the time of Henry VIII., even in England, had passed into the possession of the ecclesiastics.² In the Levitical church the priests could own no land; the church was not supported by the State; the offerings which sustained it were voluntary. It is true that the Levitical code fixed on one-tenth of the agricultural produce as a proper proportion to be given to the support of the church;³ but there was no means of collecting this tenth from those who did not choose to give it. The Levitical church was dependent on the free-will offerings of the people, enforced only by public sentiment.

II. As the support of the church was not compulsory, so neither were its services. The pagan code made sacrifice obligatory. To refuse to sacrifice to the gods was to hazard one's fortune, one's family, one's life. But the Levitical code declares that all offerings must be the free-will gift of the worshiper. "If," says the code, "his offering be a burnt sacrifice of the herd, let him offer a male without blemish. . . . If his offering be of the flocks, . . . he shall bring it a male without blemish. . . . If the burnt sacrifice for his offering to the Lord be of fowls, then he shall bring his offering of turtle-doves, or of young pigeons. . . . If thou

¹ Rawlinson's "History of Ancient Egypt," I., 449, 450.

² Hallam's "Constitutional History of England," Chap. II.

³ Lev. xxvii., 30-32; Deut. xiv., 22-28.

bring an oblation of a meat offering baken in the oven, it shall be unleavened cakes mingled with oil, or unleavened wafers anointed with oil." All is voluntary; all is conditioned on the free will of the worshiper. The offerer may bring or not; though, if he brings, the code defines certain qualities of the gift and what shall be done with it. The reader will search in vain in the Levitical code for any penalty pronounced against the non-worshiper, and the history of Israel in vain for any penalty inflicted on one for refusing to worship.

III. This voluntary character of the sacrificial system of the Levitical code is emphasized and the principle involved in it is carried out in another principle of that code which is even more important, and is in quite as striking a contrast with the sacrificial systems of the pagan religions: the offerings were inexpensive. In paganism the value of the sacrifice was estimated by its cost. Thousands of cattle, costly incense, prisoners taken captive in war, sometimes the child of the worshiper, were offered as sacrifices. The aim was to appease the wrath of the gods, or to satisfy their supposed insatiable desire, and nothing was esteemed too precious for this purpose. The prevented sacrifice of Isaac by Abraham, the accomplished sacrifice of his daughter by Jephtha, the legendary self-sacrifice of Curtius to save Rome from the widening chasm which threatened to engulf it, are illustrations familiar to every reader of this character of sacrifice prior to or outside the influence of Mosaism. The oft-quoted text of Micah, "Will Jehovah be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my firstborn for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?" refers doubtless to this pagan conception of sacrifice, with which his hearers were only too familiar. The spirit of the Levitical code was wholly opposed to this conception. Human sacrifice was unknown; hecatombs were unknown; the value of sacrifice was never measured by its costliness. It was true that the worshiper must not bring to God the lame, the halt, the blind; that is, he must not offer to God what he would offer to no one else, because that would be no true offering, but mere false pretense. But so that it was

without blemish he might bring what offering he would—a bullock, a lamb, a goat, a pair of doves, a sheaf of wheat. The value of the offering depended, not on its cost, but on the experience which it represented. The three divine experiences of a soul toward its God were all recognized in the Levitical code, and each was represented by its appointed expression. The worshiper might come to the temple conscious of sin and desiring to express his penitence; then he brought a sin-offering or a trespass-offering. He might come with a desire to renew his consecration to God and reaffirm his purpose to devote his life to God's service; then he brought a burnt offering, the consumption of which by fire represented his purpose to offer to Jehovah all that he had. He might come with a heart full of gladness and a desire to express his gratitude to and his joy in the Lord; then he brought a peace-offering or a thank-offering. The offerings were classified, not according to their costliness, but according to the expression which they represented; and if they did not represent the real and vital experience, no cost in the offering could make it acceptable to Jehovah. A single quotation from this code will serve to illustrate this general principle:

If a soul sin, and commit a trespass against the Lord, and lie unto his neighbor in that which was delivered him to keep, or in fellowship, or in a thing taken away by violence, or hath deceived his neighbor; or have found that which was lost, and lieth concerning it, and sweareth falsely; in any of all these that a man doeth, sinning therein: then it shall be, because he hath sinned and is guilty, that he shall restore that which he took violently away, or the thing which he hath deceitfully gotten, or that which was delivered him to keep, or the lost thing which he found, or all that about which he hath sworn falsely; he shall even restore it in the principal, and shall add the fifth part more thereto, and give it unto him to whom it appertaineth, in the day of his trespass offering. And he shall bring his trespass offering unto the Lord, a ram without blemish out of the flock, with thy estimation, for a trespass offering, unto the priest: and the priest shall make an atonement for him before the Lord: and it shall be forgiven him for any thing of all that he hath done in trespassing therein."¹

Sacrifice did not take the place of righteousness. Before the sin-offering could be given to the Lord, reparation must be made to the one who had been

¹ Lev. vi., 2

wronged. Two centuries after this code had been formulated, Christ said to his disciples, "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." He did but give expression in a slightly different form to the essential principle embodied in this ecclesiastical code—that restoration must precede sacrifice. So far as we know the history of those times, no such abuse ever grew up under the Levitical code as that form of indulgence which aroused the indignation of Luther in the sixteenth century.

IV. Still more important is another principle contained in this code, so radical that I suspect its statement here will arouse the suspicion, if it does not evoke the stout denial, of the reader: the sacrifices of the Levitical code were never offered to satisfy the wrath of God, nor as a substitute for penalty pronounced against sin, nor as a means of securing divine pardon and a restoration of divine favor. Sacrifice and penalty are never connected in the Old Testament; sacrifices are never offered by the sinner as a means of securing remission of penalty. The Levitical sacrifice was a means for the purification of the sinner, not for the pacification of Jehovah. The curious ceremonial which, according to this code, accompanied and distinguished the so-called Day of Atonement, illustrates in a striking manner this principle. On that day, from two goats brought out before the congregation, one was selected by lot as a sacrifice to Jehovah, the other as a scapegoat. The first was killed before the Lord; on the head of the other—the scapegoat—the sins of the people were laid in confession by the priest, and he was then led off into the wilderness, that so he might "bear upon him all their iniquities to a solitary land"—a land from which he could never return to bring back to the people the sins from which they were thus delivered.¹ The significance of this primitive object-lesson should be as clear to us now as it was to the people then. In it there was no suggestion of a wrath to be appeased, or a penalty to be escaped; its suggestion was sin removed

¹ Lev. xvi.

and a people set free from its burden. The object of sin-offering in paganism was always to appease the wrath of the gods; in the Levitical system, to purify the soul of the worshiper. In paganism sacrifice was a means of escape from penalty; in Leviticalism, a means of escape from sin.

V. Finally, the Levitical code provided for its own destruction. In that code it was expressly provided that sacrifice could be offered only in the temple at Jerusalem by the priests. In the beginning, as we have seen, this was not the case: sacrifice might be offered anywhere by any devout soul. Whatever the intent of the framer of this exclusive provision, its providential intent is clearly indicated by the result which it produced. When the city of Jerusalem was captured and the temple destroyed, the entire sacrificial system and the entire hierarchy organized to administer it came to an end. Both have now entirely disappeared from Judaism. Not a trace is left behind of either altar, sacrifice, or priest. The simple and fundamental principles of the early Mosaism remain—the faith that God is a righteous God, and demands righteousness of his children and demands nothing else. But no Jew offers sacrifice; no Jewish priest conducts worship; no Jewish altar or temple exists in all the world. No longer anywhere is heard the lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, the cooing of doves, no longer anywhere are seen the rivers of blood in connection with any worship of the one God such as characterized the temple at Jerusalem. The sacrificial code has served its temporary purpose and has perished absolutely, leaving in Judaism no remnant in existing institutions even to memorialize it.

It is true that some remnants of this sacrificial system have passed over into the Christian church. They are seen in the bloodless sacrifice of the mass in the Roman Church and in some Anglican churches, and in clauses stating in terms a sacrificial theory of the atonement in some Protestant creeds. Occasionally still is heard the doctrine, supposed to have been foreshadowed by the Levitical code, that a great sacrifice has been offered once for all as a means of satisfying divine justice, if not of appeasing divine wrath and securing a purchased pardon which God cannot consistently grant without an innocent

victim to bear the penalty which of right should be inflicted upon the guilty. But this remnant of an ancient ritual gradually disappears before the growing faith in the love of God, as the snows even in the remoter crevices of the rock are melted by the spring sun; gradually we are learning that sacrifice is not a means by which penitence secures pardon, but the method by which mercy confers life. It is not the child's sacrifice which wins forgiveness from the mother; it is the mother's sacri-

fice which wins repentance from the child. It is not the sacrifice offered by man, or on his behalf, which purchases remission of penalty from a righteous judge; it is the sacrifice offered by God and on his behalf which achieves remission of sin from the repentant sinner. Slowly, very slowly, we are learning the meaning veiled in that solemn and splendid story mis-called the sacrifice of Isaac—"God will provide himself the lamb for a burnt offering, my son."¹

Some Impressions of America

An Interview with the Dean of Ely

By Cantab

Cantab. Well, Mr. Dean, so you are back again in the Island City. How about your Impressions?

The Dean. "Impressions!" What impressions?

C. Why, your book about your holiday tour in America. Every Dean writes a book about his holiday tour in America—Dean Stanley, Dean Farrar, Dean Hole—

D. Ah, I see. Well, my book at present has got no further than the title; but I am not sure that my title does not sum up quite sufficiently all my impressions.

C. And the title is—?

D. "Our Kith and Kin—and more than kind."

C. Good—and there are stories, I suppose, anecdotes? A traveled Dean and no anecdotes—impossible!

D. Well, for a commencement, here is one. It became my stock answer to a somewhat common question: "And, sir, what do you think of our country?" Think! Why, what Phillips Brooks thought of the baby. You know the story, of course? No? Oh, the Bishop was calling one day upon a lady member of his flock in Boston. "You *must* see my new baby," she said, enthusiastically. Now, the Bishop, you know, was a bachelor, and, moreover, like his witty countryman Mark Twain with the Frog, he apparently saw no points about that particular baby different from any other baby. But the Bishop was also a pastor of much discretion, and the kindest and most tender-hearted of men. So

he took the baby up in his arms and said, with much effusive emphasis, "THIS is a baby!" So I say of America, "This is a country!"

C. What, big and infantile?

D. No, no, not altogether that; "big," of course, that goes without saying, and young also, and with the faults and foibles of youth no doubt, but first of all with the virtues of youth—freshness and buoyancy and alertness and adaptability and freedom and vigor. Altogether, Young America struck me as a very pleasing variety, a distinctly agreeable development of the English type of *genus homo*, and the pleasantness is specially prominent. I have heard somewhere of an epitaph in the neighborhood of Boston, in New England. It is that of a wife and mother, and on the tombstone, in addition to the name and date of death, are the simple words, "She was so pleasant!" Well, *that*, I think, is my verdict on my first relations with Americans, "They are so pleasant." "The nice Americans," as you have yourself so often said from your experience of them in this country or on the Continent, "are so very nice," and the others are so very amusing, but about them all there is a kindly good humor and hearty friendliness which is delightfully pleasing. In traveling one is especially struck with this, and with the absence of that *roideur* about the well-to-do folk, and of that *gêne* about the less well-to-do, which in Europe

¹ Gen. xxii., 8.

so often causes social embarrassment when any attempt is made to bring the two classes into personal relations with one another. But in America this cheerful good humor and careful desire to be pleasant to even casual acquaintances seems in the atmosphere everywhere. Indeed, I am not sure that the atmosphere is not partly largely responsible for this good result. How is it possible to be glum, or gruff, or stand-offish in such a bright, brisk, bracing climate? No, we may thank the American air, I am sure, for much of the pleasantness, so transparent, so translucent, so transcendent is it. And I suppose also the pleasantness is partly caused by the universal hopefulness born of the new conditions and ample opportunities for successful life belonging to a new land. America is a land of Hope, and a land of Hope is of necessity a land of pleasantness and of good humor.

C. And you met with none of the "one-man-as-good-as-another" kind of rudeness which we old-worlders are apt to think must be associated with the ideas of new-world democracy and social equality?

D. Upon my word I did not. No; on the contrary, I honestly think that the public manners of America as I saw them, say in the hotel vestibule or elevator, or on the trolley-cars, are a distinct improvement upon our English variety.

C. In which direction, then, do the faults and foibles of youth come in?

D. In a certain touchiness and sensitive self-consciousness under criticism, which is apt to flare up unexpectedly into momentary temper, and in a certain over-anxiety, not only to be well thought of, but to have the good thought publicly expressed. An American is not ashamed, as an Englishman is apt to be, at the open expression of personal sentiment towards himself. To the American the ascription of well-deserved praise is not only not a source of personal embarrassment, but is something he craves to hear. The long and the short of it is that America is still very young and very impressionable, and has not yet attained to the old country's assured attitude of taking things for granted. She wants them expressed.

C. I see. And I gather from what you say in regard to your proposed title for your book that you found Americans not only "kindly" in the ordinary sense of

the word—of their excessive kindliness in hospitality of course every Englishman who has traveled in America has always reported—but *kindly* in the kith-and-kin sense, in the blood-is-thicker-than-water sense?

D. Most certainly.

C. And you found absolutely no anti-British feeling anywhere?

D. No, I cannot say that. But I do say very emphatically that wherever I went in those early days of last October, after the declaration of war by the Boers—weeks, as you may be sure, of some trial to an Englishman—my heart was touched over and over again by the warmth and evident reality of sympathy expressed to me on all hands for England's sake. Everywhere they seemed to be saying, "England stood by us in our Cuban difficulty; let us stand by her now. We had the great help of her moral support; let us give her our sympathy and good wishes. The envious and the watchful knew that she was our friend then. Let all the world know now that we are hers." Among my treasures of travel I have brought back quite a little collection of menu cards decorated with the intertwined flags of the two nations, one of which, home-made by my kindly hosts at Tulpehocken, expresses thus neatly the sentiment which I found all but universal:

"Henceforth with mingled rays
Our brother flags shall blaze
Through every zone.
The Union Jack shall ride
The Stars and Stripes beside,
Proclaiming far and wide
We two are one."

C. But you did meet with anti-British, even pro-Boer, feeling, I suppose, here and there?

D. Certainly. Indeed, it would have been surprising, would it not, if I had not? For, think of it! it has taken over a thousand years to weld into one English nation Britons, Romans, Celts, Saxons, Angles, Danes, Nomans, Flemings, and even now a West-country peasant cannot understand the tongue of Yorkshire, and thinks of a Yorkshireman—as I know well, for I was a country parson in Devonshire for four years—and speaks of him too, occasionally, as a "farriner." Surely we may well give America a century or two for her people to become even

as homogeneous as the English. Captain Mahan was quite right the other day when he said that "for a cordial understanding between the two countries . . . Britain needs patience, patience, patience, because her homogeneous people must find it difficult to understand the violent utterances of the American nation, which is not yet even composite but simply heterogeneous." And some evidence of such "violent utterance . . . volatile, prejudiced, malevolent," of which Captain Mahan speaks, I did find here and there; for the most part in the newspapers—for to them blood may be thicker than water, but it is certainly not thicker than ink—in the yellow journalism mainly of Irish inspiration, or in centers of population like Chicago and Milwaukee, where there is a strong German flavor about the accent of the man in the street. You know, of course, that in Chicago, where there are only some 190,000 people of British origin, there are more than 460,000 of German and 245,000 of Irish.

C. And yet I suppose there are few things more astonishing than the rapidity with which America seems to digest and assimilate her foreign elements of population?

D. Quite so. She does digest them, however, very quickly, not even excepting the British. I had rather an amusing and suggestive illustration of that at Chicago. Archdeacon Rushton, the secretary of Bishop Maclaren, called upon me. He was a Yorkshireman by birth. He had married a Canadian. But he had been settled for some time in Chicago. His children, he told me, were born in that city. One day lately his youngest boy came home from school looking grave and solemn. He had just been promoted to the history class, and had been reading about the War of Independence. "Father," he said, "are you a Britisher?" "Yes, my boy, I am." "Oh! . . . Mother, are you a Britisher?" "Yes, dear, I am," she said. "Well," he replied, after a pause, "I don't care. You had the king's army, and we were only a lot of farmers, but *we* thrashed you!"

C. Bravo, Young America! And Chicago—of course you were delighted with the City of the Winds?

D. Delighted? No, indeed. I thought it the most hatefully unlovely city I ever

was in. There were fine buildings, of course—warehouses, for the most part, of the "sky-scraping" variety—but, as a whole, hateful, simply hateful—a clanking wilderness of endless streets, monotonous, unpicturesque, untidy, dirty, foul.

C. But the lake? Surely that is fine?

D. It may be, but I never saw it. Oh, no, it was not the fog, though that and the smoke-flakes, which necessitated a clean collar three times a day, were worthy of London; but, although the city is said to have a water-front of twenty-six miles, all along the central five or six miles which I traversed the blue waters of the lake, if they are blue, are entirely hidden by the grimy railway embankment of the Illinois Central.

C. But the Lake Park of which I have heard?

D. Five square plots of mangy grass bisected by the aforesaid railway, with one central point of great interest, I confess—the magnificent equestrian statue of General Logan by St. Gaudens. That is a really fine bit of work, one of three things only in Chicago that I ever wish to see again.

C. And the other two?

D. The statue of Lincoln by the same sculptor in Lincoln Park, and the Hull House Social Settlement, where Miss Addams and her helpers make a bright, sunshiny center of friendship in that weary wilderness of mean streets.

C. But Chicago has suburbs, I suppose, and I know she has stockyards.

D. Well, I did not go to the stockyards. I had not the luck, you see, of Matthew Arnold, who when he was in Chicago had "an artist in desiccated pork" for his host. And the suburbs I could not find. I started one day for the new University buildings, and traveled by trolley-car along one of the main avenues running straight as a die for some six or eight miles, and finally reached "the Midway Pleasaunce"—God save the mark!—to find the University set down somewhere between Fifty-seventh and Fifty-eighth Streets, not far from the site of the World's Fair of 1893. But the world was no longer fair at this point. The buildings were numerous and handsome, solid dignified blocks of gray granite with red-tiled roofs—halls, towers, theaters, dormitories, laboratories, museum, covering a spacious campus of some twenty-

four acres. The approach from the Jackson Park side is said to be beautiful, and it may be so in summer; but from the trolley-car line by which I came the approach was most doleful, for we had to cross blocks of unkempt streets with dilapidated houses alternating with waste places, dusty, dirty, weedy, littered with refuse-heaps, old newspapers, broken bottles, tin cans, a very valley of Hinnom without its cleansing fires. Let us talk of something else.

C. But the University itself?

D. Oh, that was all right, I dare say. It ought to be, for it had had noble benefactors. Its endowments already, I hear, amount to nearly three million pounds, and I brought away with me a splendidly complex time-table of the lecture courses, but I saw nothing of its working. It was, unfortunately, Saturday, and the whole University, headed by its Vice-Chancellor, had gone off to keep Sabbath at a football match at Madison, some hundred or so miles away.

C. But of other universities or colleges you saw something: Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Cornell, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Bryn Mawr, Vassar, Wellesley—? How do they contrast, say, with our old University here?

D. Ah! that is altogether too large a question for me to answer. You should ask Dr. Cunningham, of Trinity, who spent the greater part of last year at Harvard taking the actual class work in the Economic School for my friend Professor Ashley. Cunningham saw the every-day academic life from the inside, and his opinion, no doubt, would be very valuable. But my view was a mere snap-shot, and cannot be other than superficial and impressionist. Moreover, it is very difficult for an English university man to know how far his judgment in this matter may not be warped by the warmth of the welcome he receives. And, indeed, nothing touched me more than the delightfully frank spirit of friendliness and *camaraderie* which seemed to characterize the American student, whether he was professor or undergraduate. I should suppose that such a thing as “donnishness” is practically non-existent in a transatlantic college. I shall never forget, I think, my first experience of a university mass-meeting, and the startling thrill with which

I found myself greeted for the first time with “a college yell.” That was an honor to be valued far above any complimentary degree. It was at the University of Pennsylvania. I had been asked by the authorities—President Harrison and Dean Peniman—to address the students after morning prayers. The great hall was crowded with the throng of undergraduates—surely the most moving, the most inspiring congregation that any speaker could well have. I talked to the lads of my own old undergraduate days at Cambridge, and of some of my own heroes there—Maurice, Kingsley, Lightfoot, names to conjure with still, I found, thank God, in the New World as well as in the Old. I told them something of my own Ely, and of some of its early Bishops—Hugo of Northwold, who founded the Hospital of St. John at Cambridge; Hugo of Balsham, who founded its first college, Peterhouse; and William of Kilkenny, who founded the first University scholarships for divinity; and then of earlier legends still—of St. Wilfrid, and St. Awdrey and her chains, and of the Earl Bryhtnoth, who was killed by the Danes in 991 at the battle of Malden, and whose noble death-words, “God, I thank thee for all the joy I have had in life!” still echo down the centuries; and begged them to cherish the spirit of youthful romance and hero-worship and of noble ideals, summing it all up in their own poet Lowell’s fine lyric:

When I was a beggarly boy
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy,
But I had Aladdin’s lamp.
When I could not sleep for cold,
I had fire enough in my brain
To build with roofs of gold
My beautiful castles in Spain.

The cheers with which they thanked me went to my heart, and would have brought the tears very near my eyes, I think, had it not been for the startling transition by which the lads’ cheers suddenly broke into the thunderous humor of the college yell, sung by a thousand voices in violent staccato unison:

’Rah, ’rah, ’rah, ’rah,
Penn-syl-vani-a!
Stubbs! Stubbs!
Dean of Ely.
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Gettysburg, ah!

C. How odd! And do the “sweet girl graduates” of Vassar and Bryn Mawr

and Wellesley indulge in "college yells" also?

D. Oh, certainly, but, naturally, of a more musical variety. The Wellesley girls, for example, sing their cheer to a sort of bugle-call chant, thus:

Tra la la, tra la la, tra la la,
La, la, la,
W-E-L-L-E-S-L-E-Y,
Welles-ley!

C. Ah, by the by, that reminds me. What *is* the truth about the voice of the American woman? Is it always of the high-pitched, strident, nasal quality which so often we hear ringing through the corridors of Continental hotels and down the valleys of the Engadine?

D. My dear fellow, would you have me give myself away? Moreover, I have long lost my heart to the American girl. She is so frank, so friendly, so alert, with such capable, artistic hands, with such well-shod feet, so neat and tasteful in dress, so bright, so—

C. Yes, yes, but about her voice. I heard that some one—the "Spectator," I fancy, in *The Outlook*—reported that in one of your lectures in New York you had said that you had more than once detected the presence of American ladies visiting the close at Ely by their "beautiful voices." Did you really say that?

D. Well, no, I think that must be a mistake. "Courageous," I fancy, was the word I used. "Courageous voices." And courage, you know, *is* certainly a trait of the American girl—a happy, ingenuous audacity and daring which carries her over many of the difficulties of travel and brings to her much useful knowledge.

C. "Check," in fact.

D. Shameless boor! I won't answer another question.

C. Well, let us go back to safer ground, then. You were at the University of Pennsylvania, you said. That is in Philadelphia, is it not? What about Philadelphia?

D. A charming, a delightful city, as charming as—well, as Chicago is the reverse.

C. And the people equally delightful?

D. Yes. The old Quaker stock has evidently left behind it good blood and bone. The city itself reminded me much of The Hague. There is the same quaint, old-fashioned, substantial air about the

place, a staid, well-to-do respectability that pleases one; a city of homes, not merely of houses; but the business streets full of life, too, and sedate bustle, not so feverous, of course, as New York or Boston, but quite sufficiently vigorous to allow of the acquisitive side of life taking care of itself, and something of spare energy left over to enjoy the truer riches of "admiration, hope, and love." And, after all, the true promise of work is in quiet steadiness rather than in over-tension and breathless hustle.

C. Well, I had always heard that the City of Brotherly Love was rather a slow, dullish town, a kind of sleepy, always-afternoon, cathedral sort of place, saving your Very Reverence's presence. One seems at least to remember anecdotes that suggest that characteristic.

D. True; and the trick of the old stories still goes on, and their humor by no means unappreciated by the Philadelphians themselves. For example, it was at Philadelphia that I was told the story of the New York merchant who, when he was asked how many children he had in his family, replied: "Five sons, four alive and one at Philadelphia." And you know, of course, the story of the Philadelphia girl and the Boston girl? I heard that everywhere. "I wonder," said the Quaker damsel, "why at Boston, the Hub of civilization, as you call it, you should still have such old-fashioned, crooked streets; now look at Philadelphia, how beautifully straight all the streets are laid out." "Ah," said the Boston girl, quietly, "I dare say when Boston is as dead as Philadelphia it will be *laid out* as straight." But I think the story in this style which the Philadelphians like best to tell against themselves is that of one of their own merchants, who, when he was consulting with his lawyer about the details of his will, said that he wished to have a clause inserted about his cremation. "Why in the world do you wish to be cremated?" asked his lawyer, in astonishment. "Oh, for no particular reason; I merely thought I should like to have a change."

C. And have they invented no anecdotes in their own interest?

D. No, I heard of none. But I can tell you one in illustration of the quick capacity for humor on the part of the rising generation there. In the course of my

lecture on Ely Cathedral and its Antiquities I had told the story of the Ely cope, that beautifully embroidered vestment of the fourteenth century which was made out of a state robe worn by Queen Philippa at a thanksgiving service in Westminster Abbey after the birth of the Black Prince. She had given the robe to Prior Cranden of Ely, and he had caused it to be made up into a cope and three tunics. The cope we still possess, and on occasion the Dean is required to wear it. A gentleman in my audience who was interested in the story of Queen Philippa's cope repeated it on his return home to his wife in the presence of their little daughter of seven years of age, a very "cunning" child, as he said proudly. Now, the mother's maiden name happened to be "Cope," and she was, moreover, a Colonial Dame, very proud of her ancestry and of her ancient lineage. Her little daughter, however, was a true American, and did not approve of her mother's fussiness about her family origin. So, when she heard the story of the Ely cope, she exclaimed, "Ah, mother! *that* must be the Royal Cope from which *you* are descended!"

C. Well, Mr. Dean, it interests me to find that you are so enthusiastic an admirer of the Quaker City, for I dare say you do not forget that suppressed chapter in our friend Mr. Bryce's book on the evils of the Philadelphia Gas Ring. I wonder what you had to say to your good friends there about their Boss system of municipal government?

D. As a matter of fact, I did speak publicly on one occasion on that subject. I was invited to a banquet in Witherspoon Hall by the Presbyterian Social Union, and was asked to address myself especially to the subject of the Relation of the Church to Social Life. I did speak pretty plainly, I think, of civic righteousness and the duties of citizenship; indeed, in the exaggerated capital-letter heading of the next morning's papers appeared the record, "*The Dean of Ely Flays Bossism*;" and among other things I counseled the clergy to adopt the London plan of a Citizen Sunday before the annual municip-

pal elections, when they should pledge themselves to preach outspokenly on such subjects as Political Purity and Municipal Righteousness, with a view to create such a sound and healthy public opinion as should by and by make these miserable scandals of American civic life impossible.

C. And did they listen with equanimity?

D. Certainly. Indeed, it was partly, no doubt, because of their sympathy with what I had said on that occasion that I was invited to preach on Thanksgiving Day in the leading Presbyterian church of the city, an occasion to which the Philadelphians made a special effort to give something of an international character by decorating the pulpit of the church with the intertwined flags of the two nations, and by expressing through their pastor, Dr. Wood, in a preface of welcome to my sermon, their conviction that "the English-speaking peoples are one: one in their laws, literature, and religion, one in their love of liberty and justice, one also—in spite of the sad scenes being enacted in the Philippines and the Transvaal—in their love of peace." I trust that what I had to say on the mission of the Anglo-Saxon race and on its duties and responsibilities was not altogether unworthy of Dr. Wood's exordium. At any rate, I confess it was very pleasant to me to be able thus publicly on the national Thanksgiving Day to express my gratitude for the friendship with which everywhere for England's sake I had been welcomed, and not less to be able to the Presbyterian Church, as previously to my brethren of the Episcopal communion, to carry a cordial word of brotherly greeting from the old mother land and the old mother church to the children of England's "mighty daughter of the West." But there are the Cathedral bells ringing for evensong. I must go.

C. But, Mr. Dean, you have told me nothing of New York, of Boston, of—

D. No, for they will take a chapter each to themselves.

C. Ah, then there *is* to be a Book!

D. After my next visit—perhaps.

The Sociology of the Kindergarten

By Max West

"THE plays of children," said Plato, "have the mightiest influence on the maintenance or non-maintenance of laws." Modern sociology corroborates the paradox by supplying the explanation: "It is in the play-day of childhood that social sympathy, a social sense, and a social habit are evolved."¹ The dawn of social consciousness and the beginnings of all association, among both animals and human beings, may be traced to the sports of the young. It is important, therefore, not only that the play-day of childhood should be spent amid wholesome surroundings, but that the plays themselves should be of the right kind, and wisely directed with a view to their moral effect.

The kindergarten contributes greatly to the development of that social consciousness which is the primary condition of permanent order in the State. Kindergartners who appreciate this phase of their work are fond of calling the kindergarten a miniature society, the state in microcosm, the Republic of Childhood. The very form of the circle, and the use of a common table, suggest the collective idea, in striking contrast with the uncompromising individualism of rows of desks fastened to the floor so many feet and inches apart. The first lesson impressed upon the kindergarten child's mind is the unity of the circle; and this involves that deference to the rights and wishes of others which makes obedience natural and easy. The child who sulks or rebels impairs the harmony of the whole circle. He is an incipient Anarchist; and he must stand in a corner until he realizes the practical weakness of Anarchism—until he learns that he cannot be a circle all by himself, and is ready to rejoin his fellows in their work or play.

Association involves mutual aid; and in the kindergarten competition and competitive rewards are replaced by co-operation. The child soon sees the advantage of this arrangement. By dint of much

patient labor he can paste together a few bits of colored paper, like the links of a chain; but when all the children fasten their short chains together, the result is a thing of beauty, which will extend all the way across the room, and may be used to decorate the walls or hang in festoons from the ceiling. Here is not only the beginning of manual training, but a lesson in co-operation as well. And there is division of labor in the kindergarten as well as the simpler forms of mutual aid. In many of the games, and in work at the sand-box and with building-blocks, each child has a particular part to perform which is necessary to the success of the undertaking as a whole. Perhaps the children are going, in play, on an excursion to the park; then one child must build the street-car, another must provide the horses, a third must mark out the park, and a fourth must excavate for the lake; still others must fill the lake with water, and make ready vessels fit for navigation. Children who play thus will be capable in later years of uniting in more important enterprises.

The kindergarten anticipates the schools of law and of sociology by giving an elementary course in domestic relations. For example, there is a highly appreciated finger-song—a humanized and socialized version of "Five Little Figs"—in which the fingers represent the members of a family, and the children sing:

This is the mother, so kind and dear;
This is the father, so full of cheer;
This is the brother, so strong and tall;
This is the sister, who plays with her doll;
And this is the baby, the pet of all.
Behold the good family, great and small!

This song is often repeated by the children at home, and may be sung in families where the mother is not kind nor the father cheerful (I have heard children irreverently, though not untruthfully, change "cheer" to "beer," but they were boys not long in the kindergarten), and where the sister, perhaps, scarcely knows what it is to play; but who can doubt the effect of such a song upon parents who fall short of the ideal it presents? This

¹Giddings, "Principles of Sociology," p. 117; "The Theory of Sociology," p. 48.

is only one of the many ways in which the kindergarten, through the child, affects the life of the family as a whole.

The kindergarten teaches wider social relationships also, as well as those of the family circle. It makes clear the economic functions of workmen and tradesmen, as well as the beneficent processes of nature, in supplying the children's daily wants. The kindergarten circle itself is an invaluable antidote for race and class prejudice. Just as, among animals and primitive men, the mutual toleration which prepares the way for associative effort has its origin in the frolics of the young, so in the kindergarten the difficult lesson of inter-racial toleration is learned before the baby lips have been taught to lisp the opprobrious epithets "dago" and "sheeny," "nigger" and "polak"—and only just in time! That is one reason why the kindergarten can never be dispensed with, even when the family life is all that it should be. Those who regard the kindergarten as a temporary makeshift, necessary only until home influences shall be elevated to a higher plane, fail to consider the social importance of kindergarten training. Kindergartens will always be needed by the children of rich and poor, wise and foolish, cultured and ignorant; and the best results will be attained only when the children of rich and poor work side by side in public kindergartens. In the meantime the free kindergartens now established are beginning to solve the immigration problem, as far as the second generation is concerned.

The kindergarten develops the social consciousness, banishes anti-social traditions, and inculcates respect for the rights and feelings of others; it teaches the advantages of association and mutual aid, and explains the elementary social relationships; it trains the child in manual skill and in habits of industry. Is it any wonder that it tends to good citizenship in after years, and has an effect upon the statistics of crimes and misdemeanors? Information upon this point is, unfortunately, meager; and kindergartners might render a valuable service to social science and to the cause they represent by following the careers of all their children from the kindergarten to manhood. But such statistics as have been collected are quite

convincing. In San Francisco the free kindergartens, first established nearly twenty years ago in some of the most criminal and vicious districts of the city, have been in existence long enough to have had a very noticeable effect upon the work of the police; and of some nine thousand graduates whose records were looked up a few years ago, only one—a feeble-minded child, it is said—had been arrested as a lawbreaker. The diminutive "King of the Hoodlums" had become a promising student of law, and is doubtless by this time a rising practitioner; and his erstwhile subjects seem to have followed equally peaceful pursuits. Now, whatever one may think concerning the duty of the State toward education in general, it will not be denied that it is a primary function of government to prevent crime. Education in general probably has some tendency in that direction, but the tendency is not nearly as marked in the secondary and higher education as in the kindergarten. It has been well said that half the moral effect of the public schools is lost by beginning too late. At all events, it has seemed well worth while to San Francisco to adopt some of the pioneer kindergartens as a part of the public-school system, and to such far Western States as Oregon, Wyoming, Utah, and Arizona, as well as to their Eastern neighbors, to authorize the establishment of public kindergartens. Some of the Swiss cantons go so far as to make compulsory education begin at the kindergarten age; but that seems scarcely necessary, for if the kindergartens are only provided, the children will be on hand to fill them; the kindergarten has no problem of truant children or of delinquent parents.

And that suggests another convincing reason, verifiable by the statistical method, why the kindergarten should everywhere be a part of the public-school system. The number of children reached by the public schools diminishes rapidly after the age of seven. In other words, under existing conditions, and in spite of compulsory education laws and factory laws, the high school and even the grammar school are for the comparatively few, and it is only the kindergarten and the lowest grades of the primary school that all children, or nearly all, can attend. After a few months or a year or two in the primary

school many children are obliged to go to work for a living. In Chicago, for example, less than one-twentieth of the children who enter the primary grades ever reach the high school. Professor C. M. Woodward, of St. Louis, has calculated that the average age at which children withdraw from the public schools is 13.3 in St. Louis, 14.5 in Chicago, and 15.9 in Boston;¹ figures doubtless somewhat too high, for he assumes that none withdraw before the age of eight, although very many withdraw at that age. But even if the average age of leaving school is as high as fourteen, it is evident that three years in the kindergarten would increase the period of schooling nearly one-half, and at the most impressionable age. And there is nothing to prevent children between the ages of three and seven from taking advantage of the facilities provided for them; they are economically unproductive, and even the poorest parents are willing to give them this time for education. More than willing, indeed, for the kindergarten is an inexpressible blessing to the mother who works, either at home or abroad. Aside from their pedagogical excellence, therefore, kindergartens form an essential part of the public-school system, for the purely quantitative reason that they can be made to reach more children than any similar number of the highest grades; and for that reason, and also because a large proportion of the few who reach the high school could afford to attend private schools if necessary, the kindergarten is a more indispensable part of the school system than the high school. Wherever the public schools can be expanded only in one direction, the development should be downward rather than upward.

It will, of course, be no small undertaking to provide accommodation and teachers for all the children of kindergarten age. There were in the United States, according to the census of 1890,

4,810,180 between the ages of three and six—a number nearly half as great as the number of persons actually attending school during the census year. If all these children were in kindergartens, allowing one kindergartner for every twenty children, an army of some 240,000 kindergartners would be required—more than two-thirds as many as the whole number of school-teachers in 1890. In the single city of Chicago, with a population of 1,600,000 inhabitants, the local census of 1896 disclosed 90,945 children between the ages of four and six, indicating that the number between three and six must be about 133,000. In a city of that size, therefore, there is occupation for 6,900 kindergartners. It is evident that the number both of school buildings and of trained kindergartners must be greatly increased before there will be enough to supply the possible demand.

The effect of the kindergarten upon the kindergartners is second only in importance to the effect upon the children themselves. It is sometimes suggested that the effect of continued school teaching upon the teacher is not in all respects favorable; possibly the rigid discipline and mechanical routine of the school-room react upon the teacher. But no such charge can be brought against the work of the kindergarten; there, at least, there is no danger of loss of individuality or degeneration into a "pedagogical type." The kindergartner's intellectual equipment must include no small amount of special educational and psychological knowledge, coupled with the faculty of applying principles rather than rules, and based upon the broadest possible culture. "The soul of a wise and loving mother, the mind of an earnest woman, the heart of a little child—that comprehends the personality of an ideal kindergartner." A course in a good kindergarten training-school is in itself a liberal education, and that and the practical work of the kindergarten together constitute the best possible preparation for motherhood.

¹ Report of the Commissioner of Education, 1894-95, pp. 1161-1170.

Mr. Allen's New Story¹

MR. ALLEN'S stories have derived something deeper than poetic impulse and atmosphere from nature; they have been largely shaped and colored by the penetrating influences of nature on character and temperament. The short stories told with such delicate and subtle art in "Flute and Violin," the "Kentucky Cardinal," and "Aftermath," are set against a background of landscape and season with such insight and feeling for the beauty of the world and the potency of its secret forces that they form a new kind of fiction on this continent. The "Summer in Arcady" traces in the lives of a Kentucky boy and girl the rise, the sweep, and the subduing force of that elemental impulse which is the deepest mystery of nature, and which in the old mythologies found manifold symbolic representation; while in "The Choir Invisible" the life of the pioneer period, when nature was slowly making room for men, and recovering in vital influence what she lost in undisputed authority over field and wood, is set forth under the spell of a country of soft and beguiling loveliness.

In his latest story Mr. Allen reveals with final distinctness the deep and shaping influence of nature on the intellectual and spiritual life. "The Reign of Law" is imbedded in nature, and traces, with dramatic intensity and in terms of human experience, the tremendous and revolutionary force of nature upon the sensitive spirit of a young man of exceptional nobility and insight in reorganizing the bases of spiritual life. The story has not only the extraordinary beauty which gives Mr. Allen's work a place by itself in our literature, it has also great spiritual depth and unusual grasp of thought. It is knit together by an interior logic which is the more impressive because it is completely absorbed in the artistic process. It lies in the very heart of the story, and is part of its organic life. It is primarily the work of an artist to whom the dramatic interest is supreme, but the artist is also a close, courageous, and reverent thinker, the beauty of whose work is not spread over its surface like a delicate filigree, but

issues out of its depths like the bloom which rests on the face of the world.

The keynote of "The Reign of Law" is struck in an introductory chapter which describes the growth of hemp, and follows it through every stage and season with the most realistic accuracy of detail and the most delicate and varied charm of description. This beautiful chapter is a poetic prelude to the tale, placing the reader in the very heart of the spiritual movement which the novel records, bringing him under the spell of the atmosphere which envelops it, and suggesting again and again its leading themes. In the heart of this rich, arduous life of nature, in which the fellowship with men through incessant and strenuous toil is involved, the central figure of the story grows into youth through a boyhood of the most meager and hard conditions, but with deep intellectual impulses and an imagination slowly awakening to the wonder and meaning of the world.

The boy is the true heir of an ancestor who set aside forever a piece of land and built a church on it in which God should be worshiped by men of all creeds. The hereditary strain of courage, honesty, and independence, bred in the bone of the pure Anglo-Saxon who settled Kentucky, comes out again, after two generations of weak, ineffective men, in a boy who cannot trifle with his intelligence nor juggle with his conscience. He has small schooling except the rough work of the fields and the mute companionship with woods and skies. He grows up in the faith that the Bible is literally true and of the same value in every part—infallible, definite, and final in its teaching on all points, with a magical quality of guidance which is conveyed automatically. A college is organized in Lexington; the boy is possessed with a passion for knowledge of the Bible; his ignorant parents, elated with the pride of presently hearing their son from the pulpit, forward his endeavor. He enters college in undisturbed serenity of faith in the traditional ideas of God, of man, and of nature in which he has been bred.

For the first time he has the opportunity of hearing men of different sects expound their views; for the town is full of rival

¹*The Reign of Law.* By James Lane Allen. The Macmillan Co., New York.

churches. He learns, with a shock of painful surprise, that Christian men not only differ widely on important matters, but that each claims to be the only authorized custodian of the truth and denounces every one who holds a different view. These militant teachers cannot all present the truth: where is the truth to be found? The sectarianism of thirty years ago in a rural community is sketched with an unflinching hand.

The young student recoils from the assumption, the dogmatism, the intellectual crudity, the hard unspirituality, of the expositions to which he is compelled to listen. He hears on every hand attacks on the scientific movement, and he begins to read the books which have been held up to condemnation: the works of Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, and the expounders of the evolutionary philosophy. He finds himself escaping from the creeds in which he has been bred, with their contradictory interpretations of law, providence, the place of man in nature; and he finds himself coming into harmony with the deep impulses with which nature swept his dawning life of intelligence in childhood. He is brought before his professors—honest, sincere, kindly, but undiscerning men. The scene is described by Mr. Allen in a passage of great elevation and nobility:

Behind David, sitting solitary there in the flesh, the imagination beheld a throng so countless as to have been summoned and controlled by the deep arranging eye of Dante alone. Unawares, he stood at the head of an invisible host, which stretched backward through time till it could be traced no farther. Witnesses all to that sublime, indispensable part of man which is his Doubt—Doubt respecting his origin, his meaning, his Maker, and his destiny. That perpetual half-night of his planet-mind—that shadowed side of his orbit-life—forever attracted and held in place by the force of Deity, but destined never to receive its light. Yet from that chill, bleak side what things have not reached round and caught the sun! And as of the earth's plants some grow best and are sweetest in darkness, what strange blossoms of faith open and are fragrant in that eternal umbra! Sacred, sacred Doubt of Man. His agony, his searching! which has led him always onward from more ignorance to less ignorance, from less truth to more truth; which is the inspiration of his mind, the sorrow of his heart; which has spoken everywhere in his science, philosophy, literature, art—in his religion itself; which keeps him humble not vain, changing not immutable, charitable not bigoted; which attempts to solve the universe and knows that it does not solve it, but ever seeks

to trace law, to clarify reason, and so to find whatever truth it can.

As David sat before his professors and his pastor, it was one of the moments that sum up civilization.

Across the room, behind them also, what a throng! Over on that side was Faith, that radiant part of the soul which directly basks in the light of God, the sun. There, visible to the eye of imagination, were those of all times, places, and races, who have sat in judgment on doubters, actual or suspected. In whatever else differing, united in this: that they have always held themselves to be divinely appointed agents of the Judge of all the earth: His creatures chosen to punish His creatures. And so behind those professors, away back in history, were ranged Catholic popes and Protestant archbishops, and kings and queens, Protestant and Catholic, and great mediæval jurists, and mailed knights and palm-bearing soldiers of the cross, and holy inquisitors drowning poor old bewildered women, tearing living flesh from flesh as paper, crushing bones like glass, burning the shrieking human body to cinders: this in the name of a Christ whose Gospel was mercy, and by the authority of a God whose law was love. They were all there, tier after tier, row above row, a vast shadowy colosseum of intent judicial faces—Defenders of the Faith.

The boy goes back to his home in great agony of spirit; the true child of his truth-loving ancestor, but the son of parents who do not recognize the hereditary traits and whose undiscerning hopes are in ashes.

The entrance of Gabriella, standing in the open church door, the fragrance of Christmas greens in the air, and the happy voices of children about her, is symbolic. She is drawn with a few bold, adequate strokes; a noble woman, whose thought rests on the highest faiths of religion by direct perception, and whose feet are not caught in the tangle of theology. She has the radiant vision of the great-hearted and the pure-souled; and she is as truly the mediator in this history of a soul as are Shakespeare's adorable women in so many of the plays. The problems which perplex David do not exist for her; she finds in her own nature the ineffaceable evidences of the reality of religion. Under the apple-blossoms, the vital tide rising about them in the promise of eternal youth and hope, the deep heart of the woman answers to the resolute spirit of the man. Sometime, somewhere, she declares, they must come together in faith: if they do not, he will need her the more.

Mr. Allen has never relied upon incident for the interest of his stories; in this

latest work he has told the story of two human souls: a story conceived and expressed in terms of the deepest experience; wonderfully condensed in style, and yet without mutilation of the thought; touched throughout with that exquisite beauty which reminds the reader of Hawthorne, not because there is a trace of imitation or even of resemblance, but because one must go back to Hawthorne to find the same quality. Nature enfolds

the drama of these children of the great modern spiritual revelation and of the social revolution wrought by the Civil War; the emancipation of the man born in the trammels of an outgrown creed, and of the woman from the traditions of an exhausted social order; both caught in great movements and out of deep experiences finding, the one freedom and the other faith; with love as a mediator and harmonizer.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. The absence of comment in this department in many cases indicates that extended review will be made at a later date. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

A B C of Wall Street. Edited by S. A. Nelson. Illustrated. Published by the Author, 16 Park Place, New York. $4\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{3}{4}$ in. 164 pages. \$1. This little book does well what it sets out to do: it describes with clearness the way in which the business of the Street is conducted, and explains with clearness the terms which are likely to perplex the readers of financial news.

Alice's Visit to the Hawaiian Islands. By Mary H. Krout. Illustrated. (Eclectic School Readings.) American Book Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 208 pages. 45c.

Bright, clever, and readable talk about one of our new possessions, intended for children's reading.

Back to Christ. By Walter Spence. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $4\frac{3}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 222 pages. \$1. The author's aim is to present in clear and simple form an outline of "the new theology" as based on the teaching of Christ for the general reader who is interested in the current popular discussion of religious doctrine. In so doing he makes large references to the writings of some well-known representatives of "progressive orthodoxy." The several topics are treated briefly, lucidly, and, with the exception of the chapter on the Trinity, adequately. No theological presentation of this is adequate which, going no further than the Trinity of Manifestation, recognizes no Divine Incarnation except in the person of Christ.

Crucifixion, The: A Narrative. By William T. Stead. Davis & Co., Chicago. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 225 pages.

It is hardly necessary to say more of this narrative than that it is of the "Ben-Hur" type, and that it is by Mr. Stead. In his treatment it is the purging of the Temple on Palm Sunday that brings on the crisis culminating on Good Friday. It is a slip to call Peter at that period of his life a "hasty old man," but less excusable is it to identify Mary of Bethany with Mary of Magdala (Mary Magdalene). The story of the Passion is certainly not "the whole stock-in-trade of the Christian Church."

We expect Mr. Stead, however, to speak rashly, but he always is interesting, even if often wrong.

Der Meister von Palmyra. By Adolf Wilbrandt. Edited by Theodore Henckels. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7 in. 212 pages. 80c.

One of Mark Twain's recent sketches most happily contrasts true dramatic art with the drama as it exists in New York by describing this beautiful and intellectual play and following the description with a reduced facsimile of the advertising columns of a New York daily newspaper. This strange but truly poetical play is peculiarly adapted for German reading in advanced classes.

Ein Kampf um Rom. By Felix Dahn. Edited by Carla Wenckebach. (Heath's Modern Language Series.) D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. $4\frac{3}{4} \times 7$ in. 220 pages. 70c.

Four Months Besieged: The Story of Ladysmith. Being Unpublished Letters from H. H. S. Pearse. (Maps and Illustrations.) The Macmillan Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 244 pages. \$2.

Mr. Pearse, the special correspondent in South Africa of the London "Daily News," has gathered together in one volume his unpublished letters from Ladysmith. They deal with but one locality, it is true, but during four months it seemed the most noteworthy locality in the world. The story of Ladysmith, brilliant in brave deeds, is described by Mr. Pearse in language perhaps not so full of color as might have been expected, certainly not so remarkable in this respect as is that of most correspondents. As a contribution to history, however, the evident sober fidelity to actual conditions in the narration will insure it an honorable place among the many books on events in South Africa.

French Revolution, The. By Thomas Carlyle. (Library of English Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 2 vols. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 9$ in. \$3.

An acceptable addition to a series of standard library books. The volumes of this series are of good size but light weight, and are thus easy to hold; the type is clear and large, the binding handsome and suited for the library.

Historical Memoirs of the Emperor Alexander I. and the Court of Russia. By Madame la Comtesse de Choiseul-Gouffier. Translated by Mary Bernice Patterson. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5x7 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. 321 pages. \$1.50.

The "Memoires Historiques sur l'Empereur Alexandre et la Cour de Russie" have at length received an excellent translation. The work was written many years ago, but it was written by one who knew from the inside, both in Russia and in France, the history which she narrated. Her book has long been a mine of wealth to all historians dealing with the period of Alexander's reign, and, indeed, with European history in the early part of this century, especially to Lamartine, who drew liberally from it in his "Histoire de Russie." Novelists have also found the book useful; Dumas, for instance, in his "Maitre d'Armes," owned his indebtedness to it.

Isle of the Winds, The. By S. R. Crockett. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ x7 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. 446 pages. \$1.50.

Mr. Crockett has now been before the public as a novelist for six or seven years; in this time he has written (including the present story and another volume announced to appear at once) no less than twenty books, most of which are full-fledged novels, or about three a year. We may divide this enormous literary output into two general classes, the one containing charmingly written and delightfully humorous studies of Scottish character and feeling—of which "The Stickit Minister's Love Story," printed lately in *The Outlook*, is a good example, and to which "The Lilac Sunbonnet" and "Kit Kennedy," in part at least, also belong; the other including semi-historical stories of adventure and romance, of which "The Raiders" is the best example. To our taste, Mr. Crockett's work is vastly superior in the first class of novels described as compared with the second. Lively as are his books of adventure, they show marks of haste and carelessness, and often descend to mere blood-and-thunder sensationalism. That horrors can be found in history on which to base the fictitious horrors does not in the least affect the criticism. "The Isle of the Winds" is too crammed with crime to be entertaining. In short, the book is one which no one would think of re-reading. Its subject is a novel one for Mr. Crockett, but not particularly novel otherwise; the hero is kidnapped at Aberdeen after a childhood in which he sees his father murder his grandfather and witnesses other cheerful incidents of the kind, and is taken to America, where he escapes from pirates, falls under the power of the Inquisition, and, after many harrowing experiences, returns to Scotland and overthrows the villainous machinations of his enemies.

Knights of the Cross, The. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated by Jeremiah Curtin. Vol. II. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5x7 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. 352 pages. \$1.

We have already spoken of the first volume of this authorized translation of Mr. Sienkiewicz's new Polish historical romance. It is now completed, and with the second volume are included a historical sketch by Mr. Curtin (which should really precede the story instead

of following it, to be of full benefit to the reader), and a photograph of Mr. Sienkiewicz and Mr. Curtin, taken recently at Warsaw. That the author in all his great Polish romances surpasses his more popularly known "Quo Vadis" in strength, dramatic intensity, and character-creation is an opinion we have more than once expressed. The complications of Polish history, the harshness of the names of people and places, and the painfulness of some of the recitals of the cruelty practiced in warfare in the times described, all have a tendency to repel many readers. But, these difficulties overcome, one finds himself in the grasp of a master of fiction. In this book the rugged strength and humorous whimsicality of *Matso* (the hero's uncle), and the chivalry, prowess, and devotion of the hero himself, are no more faithfully depicted than are the sweet and gentle traits of *Danusia*, whose death scene forms one of the most tenderly affecting scenes in all fiction. The rugged quaintness of the style is skillfully rendered by Mr. Curtin, who knows when to use literalism as an aid to the translator's art, and when to avoid it as a detriment to literary effect.

London to Ladysmith via Pretoria. By Winston Spencer Churchill. (With Maps.) Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5x7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. 496 pages. \$1.50.

Mr. Churchill's is a good and graphic general account of the events in Natal of the first five months of the Boer war. It is, of course, a specially graphic account of Mr. Churchill's own adventures, culminating in his capture, imprisonment at Pretoria, escape from Lourenço Marques and thence to Durban. Instead of waiting until the end of the war, the young writer enterprisingly packs his adventures to date (March 10) in one volume and sends it forth; his later experiences will doubtless fill a second volume. Once in a while, in the course of his interesting story, he treats us to some rather partial judgments and naïve conclusions; for instance: "As yet only the indolent Kaffir enjoys its [Pondoland's] beauty, and, according to the antiquated philosophy of Liberalism, it is to such that it should forever belong."

Luther and the German Reformation. By Thomas M. Lindsay, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ x7 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. 300 pages. \$1.25.

Still another life of Luther? Reading it convinces one that there was room for it, freshened as the familiar story is by personal incident and description—particularly by fuller notice of Luther's noble wife, whose life has yet to be written. Dr. Lindsay's aim has been to depict Luther more clearly in the environment of the common social life of his time, and in his relation to the great revolutionary movement of which he was the heart and head. In the combination of brevity, comprehensiveness, and vividness a difficult task has been done remarkably well.

McLoughlin and the Old Oregon. By Eva Emery Dye. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ x8 in. 381 pages. \$1.50.

Styled by the authoress "a chronicle," this is really a fascinating historical romance. It depicts Oregon in the periods immediately

preceding and following that eventful entry of American missionaries among its Indian tribes, in 1836, which soon secured the northwestern territory on the Pacific to the United States. The hero, Dr. John McLoughlin, the "White-Headed Eagle," as the Indians called him, was no less efficient a factor in securing the American occupation than the missionaries themselves. He was the masterful Governor of the country then claimed by the Hudson Bay Company, whose agent he was; and the starving American immigrants were kept alive by his humanity and sustained by his generosity, notwithstanding the Company's policy of exclusion. This cost him his office, worth \$12,000 a year. The feudal life and grandeur of the Company's magnates while Oregon remained a vast preserve for fur-traders, the abortive efforts of American shippers to open commerce, international jealousies, tales of adventure and of love, the heroic and the tragic story of the missionaries and the immigrants, the growth of American government out of a wolf-meeting, are painted realistically, with no lack of local color and in fidelity to the general outline of fact. The martyred missionary's name is perpetuated by Whitman College, near the scene of his labors and his death. To his protector this book has given such commendation as a book can, and he deserves it.

Nature's Calendar. By Ernest Ingersoll. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8$ in. 270 pages. \$1.50.

Mr. Ernest Ingersoll has put forth a remarkably attractive book. Under the form of a calendar, it is a guide for outdoor observations in natural history, and a record of those observations. As Mr. Ingersoll says, his book is "a memorandum of some things for which you ought at that moment to be on the lookout lest their brief period pass before you learn or remember that this is their appointed season." We may add that the references are applicable to seed, blossom, and fruitage in the eastern half of the United States and Canada. The text occupies but half of the page, up and down, a blank space being left for a diary of outdoor life. The reader will be fortunate who can make his half as accurate and complete and altogether charming as Mr. Ingersoll has made his.

Oh, What a Plague is Love! By Katharine Tynan (Mrs. H. A. Hinkson). A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $4\frac{3}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 150 pages. 75c.

A pleasant but not powerful story of English and Irish society life.

Outlines of Economics. By Richard T. Ely, Ph.D., LL.D. (The Citizen's Library.) The Macmillan Co., New York. $4\frac{3}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 432 pages. \$1.25.

A new edition of an exceptionally valuable text-book. It introduces the reader not only to the general outlines of economic science and economic history, but also to the literature in which he can best carry forward his reading along particular lines.

Passing of Thomas, and Other Stories, The. By Thomas A. Janvier. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. $4\frac{3}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 181 pages. \$1.25.

A collection of short stories, of uneven excellence both as regards invention and execution. Two or three of these stories show Mr. Janvier

at his best; and at his best, in his own vein, he is a delightful writer, full of a breezy charm, with a love of the picturesque, an instinct for the humorous, and real skill at hitting off little extravagances of manner. He is at his best in Provençal, for he knows the people and loves them, and at the same time is quite aware of the Provençal extravagances. There are two or three stories in this volume which are entirely charming.

Rugby. By H. C. Bradby, B.A. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. $4\frac{3}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 231 pages. \$1.50.

The latest addition to the series of Handbooks of the Great Public Schools gives an account of the school the fame of which Dr. Arnold's name has carried throughout the whole English-speaking world. The book is written in an orderly fashion, and covers the whole field, so far as the general reader has any interest in the school, through a number of well-chosen illustrations.

Story of Ulysses. By M. Clarke. (Eclectic School Readings.) Illustrated. The American Book Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 283 pages. 60c.

The latest attempt to tell in simple prose the great story of the Odyssey in such a way as to interest younger children and for use in schools as a reader. Quotations from the translations of Pope and Bryant are freely used in the narrative, and there is an introductory sketch of Troy, of the causes which led to the war, and some account of the Odyssey and of the Greek gods.

Thomas Book, The. By Lawrence Buckley Thomas, D.D. Illustrated. Henry T. Thomas Co., New York. $6\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{1}{2}$ in. 627 pages. \$4.50.

This superb volume will be of particular interest to members of the sixty Thomas families whose pedigrees are contained therein.

West End, The. By Percy White. Harper & Bros., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 225 pages. \$1.50.

On reading the early pages of this novel, one is inclined to add it to the long list of recent cynical and weary-toned stories of London society. The novel distinctly improves, however, as it goes on; a charmingly simple and genuine love story relieves the over-sophisticated London ball-room atmosphere; the author seems to grow broader in sympathy and more inclined to see traits of universal humanity under folly and fashionable vice. Good fictional use, too, is made of the effect of the South African reverses upon British pride and patriotism. Altogether the story is decidedly readable.

William Watson Andrews. Prepared by his Brother, Samuel J. Andrews. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 280 pages.

Mr. Andrews, who died in advanced age in 1898, was for forty years an esteemed "evangelist" of the "Catholic Apostolic Church" (nicknamed "Irvingites"), for a full account of whose peculiarities see Vol. I. of Schaff's "Creeds of Christendom." A classmate and friend of the late President Porter, of Yale, he was a man of such large sympathies and sweet spirit as to enjoy the esteem of all, while his peculiar doctrines attracted few. This volume, recording the patient and futile endeavor of his long ministry to resuscitate a primitive type

of supernaturalism, draws the portrait of a beautiful character, recalling Whittier's lines:

The gospel of a life like theirs
Is more than creeds or scrolls.

World Politics at the End of the Nineteenth Century. By Paul S. Reinsch, Ph.D., LL.B. (The Citizen's Library.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4¾×7¼ in. 366 pages. \$1.25.

A scholarly and dispassionate discussion of the competition among the Great Powers for the control of the less advanced nations of the earth. The author believes that, just as the ideal of national independence was the strongest force in shaping political developments during the first part of the nineteenth century, so the ideal of national power over other peoples will be the strongest force in shaping political developments of the first part of the twentieth century. The great struggle, as he rightly judges, will be for the control of China, and the chapters of his book bringing out just how

far different nations have already succeeded in securing for their own capitalists exclusive rights in various provinces, and how far they have succeeded in introducing a political protectorate, are of great timely interest. The author's attitude towards the great movement he describes is rather that of a critic than a champion. On the commercial side, it is true, he accepts the conclusion that "the coal and general mineral wealth of China, taken in connection with the vast and highly trained, frugal, and capable population, will, during the coming century, make China the industrial center of the world, and the Pacific the chief theater of commerce." On the political side, however, his position toward expansion is that England's control of alien colonies has from the beginning seriously retarded political reforms in England, and that the retention of the Philippines by the United States would have a corresponding influence here.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.

1. Please suggest for one who has had little training in school or college, but who is a student, a number of books, in order of reading, for a systematic study of English literature. 2. Also some good introductory book or books on philosophy. R. F. C.

1. Get Halleck's "History of English Literature" (American Book Company). This contains reading lists and other material adequate to your requirements. 2. See Hibben's "Problems of Philosophy" (Scribners), Rogers's "Brief Introduction to Modern Philosophy," and Hyde's "Practical Idealism" (Macmillan).

Will you kindly tell me what books would be useful to me in the study of the social teaching of the Bible—of Moses, of the Prophets, of Christ, of the Apostles? R. A. A.

The Rev. E. T. Root's "Profit of the Many" (The Revell Company, New York, \$1.25); Professor S. Matthews's "Social Teaching of Jesus" (The Macmillan Company, New York, \$1.25).

"J. D." who says in this column for May 12 that he was "born and reared in the Episcopal Church without having ever become a member," should know (1) that if baptized, as he must have been, he is a member of that Church as much as he ever will be; (2) that she does not claim to be *the* one Catholic and Apostolic Church, but simply *a part* of the same; (3) that the Episcopal Church has never, in any capacity whatever, applied to the Roman Church to recognize its orders or anything connected with them—possibly he is confusing the English Church with one of its members, Lord Halifax; (4) that millions consider the evidence which traces the episcopal pedigree of the Bishop of Washington without break to the Apostles much stronger than the evidence which seated Queen Victoria on her throne; (5) that ecclesiastical appointments made by the British Premier are made by him as the representative of the Nation. C. E. S.

Several recent inquiries about the progress of the American Revisers with their "Standard" version of the Bible have come to us. We have definite information that the Old Testament is in the compositors' hands, and that in the New Testament the first proofs of the Gospel of Mark have appeared. The eminent scholars who are gratuitously doing this work can do it but slowly because of their regular professional duties,

besides which unforeseen delays have been encountered; but the end seems in sight, possibly this year.

Can any one locate for me the inclosed quotation? I find it attached to a sermon prepared in the fall of 1891. I think I copied it from "Public Opinion," but my only note is, "From an English magazine" (*i. e.*, quoted by "Public Opinion" from the same). I would very much like to secure the entire context if in a magazine, or to know the title of the volume if contained in a book: "I am unaware of anything that has a right to the title of an 'impossibility,' except a contradiction in terms. There are impossibilities *logical*, but *not natural*. A 'round square,' a 'present past,' two parallel lines that intersect,' are impossibilities, because the ideas denoted by the predicates round, present, intersect, are contradictory of the ideas denoted by the subjects square, past, parallel. But walking on water, or turning water into wine, or procreation without male intervention, or raising the dead, are plainly not impossibilities in this sense. . . . The change of water into wine undoubtedly implies a contradiction, and is assuredly impossible, if we are permitted to assume that the 'elementary bodies' of the chemists are now and forever immutable. Not only, however, is a negative proposition of this kind incapable of proof, but modern chemistry is inclining toward the contrary doctrine.—Thomas H. Huxley." G. F. G.

The name of the (last) poem inquired for by "H. J. R." in Notes and Queries (May 5) is "For Days that Are to Be." It was published in The Christian Union some time during the summer of 1889. I copied it into my camping note-book at the time. The author is Frances L. Mace. The last stanza is:

"For this is Nature's largess; color, tone,
Splendor of land or sea,
All that she once reveals becomes thine own,
For days that are to be."

C. R. C.

Browning's "He feels he has a fist," etc., may be found on page 22 of "The Ring and the Book," (Riverside Edition in 6 vols.) C. B.

Who wrote the poem "Christus Consolator," which was so great a favorite with Bishop Brooks? H. W.

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Fill it up yourself—we have no list of your possessions, but whether you own a cycle, a gun, a yacht, a creel, a bait box, or anything from a castle to a canteen you should keep it bright, and, do it with

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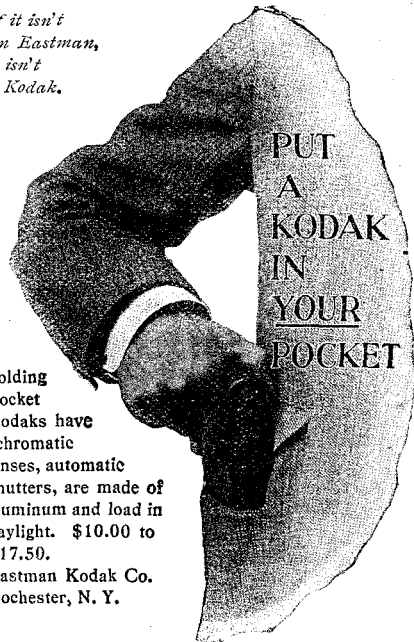
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